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CONTENTS

A Week of the World 777
Japan's Population Problem — Asia's Changing Institutions — An Overdomesticated Bulldog Breed — International Debts and Royal Visits — Child Vagrancy in Russia — Rivalries in Manchuria — Minor Notes

High Treason in Munich . . . STEPHAN WEIGELT-GAUTING 783
Germany's Greatest State-Trial

The World-Wide Wane of Liberalism

I. Liberalism versus Labor in Great Britain GILBERT MURRAY 787

II. Liberalism versus Democracy in Latin America
JUAN B. TERAN 790

In the Abysses of Moscow . . . . ALBERT ENGSTROM 793
The Most Sordid Slum Story Ever Told

Our Lady of the Afflicted . . . RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ 801
A Guatemala Story

The Prose and Poetry of Pugilism

I. Training a Boker . . . . . ERIC WULF 807

II. Inside the Fighter's Mind . . . . JEAN PRÉVOST 810

Hugo von Hofmannsthal at Fifty . ERWIN H. RAINHALTER 813
An Austrian Dramatist's Decline and Rise

A Spiritualist of the Second Empire PRINCESS DE METTERNICH 816
Memories of Dunglas Home

A Page of Verse 818
Morning and Midnight — Peacock — The Weather-Vane

Life, Letters, and the Arts 819
If the Louvre Should Burn — The Abused Word 'Bourgeois' — Anatole France on the Fixity of Things — Censorship in Germany — Banishing a Spanish Scholar — An Eskimo Opera in Brussels — A New Sunday-Play Society

Books Abroad 823
Judgment Eve — Parentalia — Friends in Solitude — El destino de un continente — New Translations

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THIS WEEK

BELIEVE it or not, but we have it on good authority that Ludendorff was actually made to appear ridiculous at the high-treason trials in Munich. His fellow buffoons, Von Kahr and Hitler, being unable to agree on the same candidate for Emperor, shut their eyes, lowered their heads, and charged one another at full speed. As a result of this clever manœuvre, the Nationalist cause has suffered.

* * *

Gilbert Murray makes a dignified and sensible plea for the losing cause of English Liberalism. Threatened on the one side by the beery Bolshie and on the other by the low-minded Tory, the disciples of the Gladstone, Mill, and Cobden tradition are being sorely tried.

* * *

The position of South America on the battle-front of Liberalism is harder to determine. In the high old times when the United States used to be a free country, we were much admired in the Antipodes for our devotion to the Goddess of Freedom. But since we have taken to more temperate and tiresome divinities, the Latin American has lost interest.

* * *

If any of our readers have been feeling clean or respectable lately they will do well to immerse themselves in the abysses of Moscow. On the strength of this pungent article, Mr. Albert Engstrom is now the leading candidate for the *Living Age Grand Prix*, 1924, to be awarded on midnight of December 31, to the most gruesome contribution of the year.

* * *

Fight Week is being celebrated, appropriately enough, by a German and a French contribution. The former is of a matter-of-fact nature, but the latter is what our æsthetic friends would call Real Literature. In catching almost every thought and sensation that passes through the mind of a prize-fighter during one of his battles, M. Jean Prevost has written a sketch in the *NRF* manner that is as brilliant as it is original.

* * *

After surviving the above contributions, many of our readers will feel the need of the services of Our Lady of the Afflicted. This is a tale told by one of these sensitive creatures whose sweetheart married another man, but you will have to read it for yourself to see how it comes out.

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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

JAPAN'S POPULATION PROBLEM

JAPANESE press comment on our immigration policy was, until the recent Senate action, by no means so acrimonious as a year ago, and is marked less by antagonism than by regret. *Miyaka* predicted that in spite of the opposition of influential people in America it would be impossible to suppress agitation against the Japanese, who would be steadily expelled from our country. This is a grave injustice to which Japan will have to reconcile herself. Siberia, China, and Australia are also closed to Japanese immigration, either by hostile laws and the sentiment of the native population, or by political unrest. Happily, however, there is still one opening for Japan's surplus people.

South America is open to our emigrants, who are enthusiastically welcomed. Especially to Brazil are our emigrants invited at very advantageous conditions, for that country is suffering from the shortage of labor consequent upon the recent war. We warmly support the Government's plan which encourages our emigrants to go over there.

Yorodzu strikes an identical keynote in its discussion of this pressing problem. How is Japan to dispose of the 800,000 annual increment to her population? Indeed, does the eagerness of the Japanese to leave home correspond in any degree with the increasing population-pressure?

Japan is blocked for emigration on every side except for Brazil and Peru, where our emigrants are welcomed. The latest statistical returns for our emigrants show that their number is on the decrease, as seen from the following table: —

Year	*Number of Emigrants*
1918	4332
1919	2153
1920	813
1921	923
1922	965
1923	891

Applications for emigration up to the recent date are put at 43 for Brazil and only 12 for Peru, and it is conjectured that the whole number of emigrants for this year will reach 600 or 700. The total of Japanese already gone to South America is 40,000 to Brazil and 10,000 to Peru, the majority of whom are contract laborers.

Hochi reports that the Government has appropriated 2,000,000 yen, or $1,000,000, 'to establish a system of

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peasant proprietors.' As it is proposed to loan this money in parcels of 4000 yen to farmers on a thirty years' amortization basis, this will provide for only 500 farms or, upon an average, ten freehold farms in each of Japan's fifty prefectures. However, it is proposed to appropriate additional funds as rapidly as the success of the scheme is demonstrated.

Recent extracts from the Japanese press indicate increasing sensitiveness to the legislative trend at Washington. Any irresponsible and blundering utterance on the floor of Congress or before a Congressional committee is wired to Tokyo to trouble the kindlier feeling that has sprung up between the two countries since the disaster in Japan last September. Osaka *Asahi* says that the irritating aspect of anti-Japanese agitation in America is the fact that it is actuated solely by racial prejudice:—

Americans, as well as a certain group of Japanese, regard it as a question of finance, economics, and politics, but the truth is that it is racial prejudice. This may be shown by the fact that the anti-Japanese argument is not founded on logic. When the agitation was first started before the conclusion of the Gentlemen's Agreement, it was insisted that cheap labor wages would cause disorder in the American labor market and lower the standard of living. But the land act was passed in 1913. It was insisted that, if landownership should be granted to Japanese immigrants with the rapid increase in their population, fertile land in Western states would, in the long run, be occupied solely by Japanese. These arguments have gone through a mighty change in recent times, and it has thus come to be insisted on that the expansion of militaristic Japanese in America is detrimental to American independence. This insistence took form in the Alien Land Act of 1920. Now it has been advocated to enact a new immigration law aiming at the exclusion of Japanese from America on the strength of the judgment pronounced by the American Supreme Court.

In view of the censure of the low standard of living, Japanese residents have endeavored to bring it up and have improved their mode of living. Then, next, they were attacked by Americans for possible domination of the field of economic and financial activities, and when this became meaningless Americans censured Japan for her alleged militarism. Although the Washington treaties rescued Japan from the unjust reproach of militarism, the anti-Japanese movement has not ceased. No, it is becoming stronger and is gaining ground among Americans. Subsequent to the judgment pronounced by the Supreme Court, they have become more active in their campaign for the exclusion of our emigrants. They are now thoroughly prepared to carry their point. As long as such obstinate racial prejudice exists in America, anti-Japanese agitation will never cease.

Yamato protests:—

Americans are quite free to do anything they like in their legislation, and we are not in a position to raise an objection to their proceedings. But we can say this, that if they legislate any limitation on the number of immigrants they ought to contemplate equal and impartial treatment to all nations of the world without any discrimination or racial difference.

Tokyo *Nichi Nichi* comments as follows on the same theme: —

As the immigration law is purely and genuinely a domestic affair for America, no other Powers are in a position to interfere in it in so far as it does not injure the rights and honor of other nations. Should the American Congress enact an immigration law from racial prejudice or racial hatred in order to extend discriminatory treatment to those immigrants whom Americans regard as undesirable, they must know that such an action is liable to invite criticism. Truly it is this racial distinction that excites our ill feeling. The insertion of an anti-Japanese clause in the new immigration law is feared will be a cause for making worse the present good relations between both nations.

Why does the American Congress not give us those privileges which it is willing to

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give to continental Powers of Europe? We do not desire to get any treatment or favor that is withheld from European Powers. We only hope that equal treatment be afforded us and that anti-Japanese clauses be struck out from the new immigration law.

*

ASIA'S CHANGING INSTITUTIONS

AFTER China and Turkey, Persia promises eventually to enter the ranks of the new Asiatic Republics, thus disproving the old idea that the ancient East is unchanging and obedient only to a despot. To be sure, none of the new Republics practises democracy in a Western sense, however liberal the theories of its rulers may be. Turkey has granted the suffrage to all citizens, male and female, over eighteen years of age, but the last parliamentary elections in Constantinople were decided by predestination, not free will.

After all, our former assumptions about the unchanging East may have been wrong. Professor Tsai recently told us in the *Living Age* that democracy is one of the oldest principles of Chinese civilization. Since the recent abolition of the Caliphate, students of Eastern affairs have been busy explaining that even this holy office has been sustained by Laodicean supporters, and that the Sultan's authority, if not exactly at the mercy of popular caprice, has always been an unstable possession. Now comes a learned writer in *Le Temps*, who tells us, citing chapter and verse, that Persia has been from time immemorial a land of political skeptics, whose people tolerated their sovereigns only so long as these carried certificates of good conduct. A Teheran paper, the name of which is translated *The Red Dawn*, — though possibly without our Western connotations with red, — recently declared: —

> A republic is the form of government that harmonizes best with the Mussulman religion. Certain pious hirelings are preaching that a republic means Bolshevism, and that if we set up a republic we shall adopt Communism with it. They also talk about shedding torrents of blood in order to overthrow a government. These libelers of good institutions forget that a republic has no necessary connection with Bolshevism. . . . The Persian people know that a republican government will be set up, not for the purpose of shedding blood, but in order to lead Persia into paths of safety and progress.

The setting-up exercises, however, were athletic if not sanguinary; for considerable disorder attended the New Year's agitation at Teheran, where the Republicans succeeded in removing the present monarch, although an infant successor under a regent was installed instead of a president. Let us remark in parenthesis that the Persian New Year comes with the spring flowers.

Possibly the enthusiasm for a republic, and the acceptance of a regency in its place, are explained by the presence of a strong man in Persia. That country's Mustapha Kemal is Riza Khan, the organizer and commander-in-chief of the new Persian army, who became Premier last autumn. He is a man of no education except the military training he received in one of the Cossack brigades that Russia formerly maintained in that country. But he has held one high office after another for the past four years. After the war, when the country was rapidly falling into anarchy, he took hold of the army and organized a small but thoroughly efficient, well-disciplined, and loyal force. It numbers only 40,000 men, but has the great virtue of owing allegiance to Persia herself and not to a foreign protector. With the help of these troops he has suppressed the irregular forces — supposed to be subsidized by outside interests — that had been keeping Persia in a turmoil. Besides pacifying the country he has started a move-

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ment — similar in motive to the one in India — to make Persia independent of foreign industries. Local handicrafts are encouraged, and several small factories have been opened. Recently Riza Khan ordered all military and civilian employees of the Government to wear clothing made of Persian fabrics. He is also giving much attention to the public schools.

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AN OVERDOMESTICATED BULLDOG BREED

Two years ago, as our older readers may recall from references in the *Living Age*, the Empire Settlement Act went into force in Great Britain. It provided appropriations intended ultimately to reach about $15,000,000 annually to assist British emigrants to settle in Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. Simultaneously the Dominions made generous provisions for receiving these new settlers. It was expected that the number of assisted emigrants would reach 50,000 a year to Australia, 17,000 to Canada, and 10,000 to New Zealand.

Up to the end of last September, however, the last date at which figures were available for the Imperial Conference, only 23,479 emigrants had left for Australia, 4503 for New Zealand, and 3851 for Canada. These disappointing figures — especially in view of the fact that the number of unemployed in Great Britain reached a maximum of nearly 2,000,000 during this period — naturally challenge an explanation. Great hopes were placed upon the new policy, because there was a very heavy movement of emigrants from Great Britain to America and the Colonies under analogous conditions following the Napoleonic Wars. Why is the situation so different in 1920, when people can cross the sea with comparative ease and comfort and establish themselves in their new home with but a tithe of the hardships encountered by their ancestors, from what it was in 1820? The answer seems to be that Great Britain has become so highly industrialized that her present population no longer supplies the old type of settler stock. The yeoman, the farmer, and the farm laborer of initiative have almost disappeared; and the mill hand and the factory operative who have taken their place know instinctively that they are unfitted to wrestle with frontier life.

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INTERNATIONAL DEBTS AND ROYAL VISITS

RUMANIA has been placed in an embarrassing position by the hints received from Italy and Spain — and, it is rumored, from Belgium — that the proposed visit of the King and Queen to those countries would be inopportune. *Corriere della Sera* explains lucidly, though with studied courtesy, the real points at issue. Rumania has defaulted upon bonds owned by Italian subjects, she has refused — or at least delayed — to compensate Italian subjects for expropriated land they owned in Bessarabia before she took over that province, and Rumanian importers have refused or neglected to pay large debts contracted with Italian firms. A minority of the Italian bondholders has consented to a rather unfavorable settlement with the Rumanian treasury on the basis accepted by French and English creditors, but a majority has refused the offer.

Italian citizens whose estates in Bessarabia were expropriated are especially indignant because subjects of Great Britain and France holding similar claims have been paid. Among the overdue debts owed Italian exporters, which amount to nearly half a billion lire, are bills for agricultural machinery

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which was imported into Rumania duty free. However, after the goods were in the country the Government decided to collect the remitted duty, and as a consequence the importers refused to accept delivery.

A recent conference between representatives of Rumania and Russia at Vienna broke up because the Russians opened the Bessarabian question, which Rumania refused to consider. The Russians demand that the population there be permitted to hold a plebiscite, under conditions that will assure an honest vote, to decide whether the province shall belong to Rumania or to Russia.

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CHILD VAGRANCY IN RUSSIA

THE most pathetic problem now facing Russia is to provide for homeless, orphan children from the late famine districts. Child vagrancy has become an evil shocking even to people rendered callous by well toward a decade of extraordinary suffering. Soviet newspapers are filled with reports of meetings and conferences of commissions for dealing with this evil. In Moscow there are not rooms to house or funds to feed the destitute little ones, and an effort is being made to send them to the country. A national organization called 'The Children's Friends' has been formed for this purpose.

Rabochaia Moskva of March 4 prints the following typical notice: —

All residents of Hamovniki district know the city scales on Sennaia Square. Under these scales homeless children have been living for a long time, like mice in holes. The picture is familiar to everyone. At length the working women of the *Krasnaia Rosa* Society delegated Comrade Novikova to remove the children at any price. After much effort she arranged to have them fed and taken to an asylum; but they were quite naked and likely to freeze before they reached their destination. At length clothes were found and eleven little ones, six of whom were seriously ill, have been temporarily sheltered.

An earlier issue of the same paper says: 'The Anti-Narcotic Bureau of the Health Ministry reports that from 40 to 70 per cent of the homeless children in our large cities are cocaine and alcohol addicts'; and *Pravda* of March 4 estimates that 'the vagrant children in Moscow and its suburbs number about fifty thousand.'

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RIVALRIES IN MANCHURIA

THE following editorial item from the *Japan Weekly Chronicle* supplements in an interesting way the note on the Chinese Eastern Railway which appeared in our issue of April 12. This is no trifling controversy. It may trouble the peace of Eastern Asia.

Mr. Karakhan — the Soviet ambassador — has protested against the agreement between China and the Russo-Asiatic Bank. This bank is a mere shadow. Its principal function in Tsarist days was to be the nominal sole shareholder of the Chinese Eastern Railway, the money being supplied not by the bank but by the Russian Government. The old directorate, after the revolution, put itself under French protection, and has made the railway a centre for anti-Bolshevist conspiracy. Of late the Chinese have taken a share, and the Russians managing the railway have a somewhat difficult time, and would probably be better off if they acknowledged the Soviet Government and worked for it instead of for the Franco-Japanese combination of diplomats to whom they are selling their country's interests.

We have formerly remarked on the publicity campaign being carried on by this body, which wants to get American capital interested in the development of Manchuria with the railway as the great exploiter of resources and industries. American capital would mean American diplomatic support, and thus would keep the railway — and influence in the province — out of the hands of the Reds. China does not dare to come

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to any agreement with Mr. Karakhan when such powerful forces are arrayed against a settlement, but she would be well advised to take the bull by the horns in order to keep America from coming into the unholy alliance. The Reds would probably prove less rapacious neighbors than the gang in whose hands the greater part of the struggle for Manchuria at present rests.

❦

MINOR NOTES

IF we are to trust the conclusions of Senator M. de Monzie of France, that country must make up for the loss of population due to a deficient birth-rate by colonizing Italians, Spaniards, Poles, and other assimilable nationalities within her boundaries. He thinks that such settlers or their descendants will eventually become as devoted to France as the French themselves. 'For instance, of the population of Marseille only forty families are of pure French descent. The rest are Italian, Greek, Spanish — all nationalties; yet Marseille is one of the largest, most prosperous, and most patriotic communities in France.'

THE CALIPH IN SWITZERLAND

INDIGNANT TOURIST. And this is the country where we send our girls to boarding-school. — *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*

SWEDISH engineers are reported to have perfected an economical process for extracting oil from shale on a commercial scale. The cost of production at the experimental plant installed in the Municipal Gas Works at Stockholm, leaving out of account return from by-products, does not exceed fifty kroner per ton of oil. With the substitution of gas for coal in the reduction process, it is expected to lower this figure to thirty kroner a ton. Since crude oil now costs from eighty to one hundred kroner a ton delivered at European ports, the process promises to be very profitable.

WHILE India, like Italy and Japan, is seeking new fields for emigration, Indian immigrants abroad do not invariably welcome the idea of a new influx of their countrymen. An Indian committee recently appointed to study opportunities in British Guiana reports: 'The Indian community of British Guiana would not favor immigration from India until 1930, as it requires time to settle down and to raise itself from the prevailing state of depression and backwardness.'

THE PETROLEUM SCANDAL

Another good Prohibitionist gone wrong.—*Avanti*

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HIGH TREASON IN MUNICH

BY STEPHAN WEIGELT-GAUTING

From *Die Glocke, March 5*
(Socialist-Chauvinist Weekly)

The Munich trial strips the mask from Bavaria, from counter-revolutionary Bavaria that we long have known as a hotbed of political assassination, an asylum for political criminals, the breeding-place of secret conspiracies, the drill-ground for military leaguers and all other preachers of violence — in short, the stronghold of those who hate the Republic and advocate restoring the old régime.

Chauvinist organizations had acquired an authority in Bavaria comparable only with that exercised by Mussolini's Fascist hordes in Italy. Since their conceptions of power and politics were those of the Fascisti, they sought to duplicate the march on Rome with a march on Berlin. This project was favored, fostered, and prepared not only by the condottieri bands of ambitious political conspirators like Hitler, Röhm, and Pittinger, but also by responsible officers of the government, and first of all by Herr von Kahr, the Bavarian dictator, who owed his exaltation to that position to the aid of these societies. So the present trial opens the way for a general settling with Bavaria, which has impudently defied the constitution for the past three years. The Republic has made its authority felt in case of Saxony and Thuringia. What does it propose to do in case of still guiltier Bavaria?

In the trial of Hitler and Ludendorff, real leaders stand in the prisoner's box and not mere tools, as was the case when the assassins of Rathenau and Erzberger, the assailants of Scheidemann, and the instigators of Kapp were brought to book. Furthermore, the accused do not present a united front, as they did in these earlier proceedings. For it has been clear from the beginning that the prosecution is directed not only against Hitler and Ludendorff and their underlings, but also against men not formally accused but morally culpable, who are the high priests of reaction in Bavaria. To comprehend the situation we must bear in mind that Herr von Kahr, the head of the Bavarian Government, General von Lossow, the leader of the Bavarian defense forces, Colonel Seisser, the Chief of the Bavarian Rural Police, and Captain Ehrhardt virtually stand in the prisoner's box with Hitler himself.

The long propaganda speeches that Hitler, Ludendorff, and Pöhner, the former Munich Police Chief, have made in court show clearly upon what they count for safety. Pöhner brazenly declared: 'If what I have done is high treason, I have been committing high treason for five years.' These men have tried to prove — and they have nearly succeeded in doing so — that their treasonable conduct up to the morning of November 9 was known and approved by the highest officials of the Bavarian Government, by Herr von Kahr and by General von Lossow, and that they were conducting a revolt as the agents of the Bavarian dictator himself. They sought further to prove that this revolt, planned and prepared in Munich against the constitution and

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government of the Republic, was conceived and directed by the Bavarian authorities. They were able to cite as evidence of this the preliminary measures taken in conjunction with Kahr, Seisser, and Lossow during last September and October, as well as the notorious meeting at the Munich Bürgerbräu-Keller on the eighth of November. The latter evening, Kahr, Lossow, and Seisser not only professed themselves in complete agreement with Hitler's projected revolt, but they consented to accept important offices in the new national government that Hitler proposed to set up. This is not modified by the fact that during the same night they decided for reasons of expediency to repudiate this action, and the following morning defeated the very insurrection that they had helped set in motion.

Ludendorff plays a miserable rôle in this affair. His 'complete surprise' at the Bürgerbräu-Keller in Munich on the evening of November 8 is a perfect duplication of his 'accidental presence' at Brandenburger Tor in Berlin on the morning of March 13, 1920, when Kapp tried to overthrow the Republic. Ludendorff in tow of Hitler, who in turn was the dupe of Kahr and Lossow, does not make a very imposing figure. If ridicule can destroy a reputation, his reputation is killed for all time. And Hitler? He is, as he always was, a little man, a subaltern, no matter how cockily he may stand on tiptoe and crow. He is a barnstorming hero to strut a village stage. The sole remarkable thing about him is his conceit.

The only moral advantage that Hitler and Lossow show in their defense is the evidence that they acted consistently throughout and faithfully followed the plans that Kahr and Lossow had so carefully prepared. The idea of a march on Berlin was not conceived merely by Hitler and Lossow; it was a move matured by Kahr, Lossow, the leaders of the chauvinist unions, and their North German allies. The project to overthrow German democracy and the German Republic from Bavaria as a base is an old one that goes back to the first days following the revolution. Active preparations to carry it out started, as Pöhner's testimony shows, immediately after Kahr was made dictator of Bavaria, with the title of *Generalstaatskommissar*. The first overt step toward accomplishing this treasonable design was to invite to Bavaria Captain Ehrhardt, who was then under accusation for high treason in the Kapp revolt, for participation in other conspiracies against the Government, for founding and directing 'Organization C,' and for perjury, and to entrust to that precious traitor the organization of the so-called 'Emergency Police' on the Bavarian-Thuringian border. The first move toward attacking Berlin was to station the Ehrhardt marine brigade in Franconia. The next step in that direction was to withdraw the Bavarian National Guard from the jurisdiction of the commander-in-chief in Berlin and make it entirely dependent upon the Bavarian Government. The third step was to nullify in Bavaria the Law for the Protection of the Republic. The national Government tolerated all this, at the very time it was asserting its authority vigorously in Saxony and Thuringia.

The man responsible for these measures was not Hitler or Ludendorff, but Herr von Kahr. The Bavarian patriotic organizations had been worked upon by intensive propaganda until they were persuaded that a national uprising must begin in Bavaria, and were impatient to set it going. These organizations, however, were divided into two groups: the original 'Patriotic Unions,' whose honorary chairman and

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recognized leader almost since their organization began had been Herr von Kahr; and the Hitler-Ludendorff group, which embraced the National Socialist 'assault' units and the allied militant bodies known as *Oberland*, *Wikingbund*, and *Reichsflagge*. For some time these two groups had been struggling with each other for ascendancy, although they were united in their hostility to the Weimar Constitution, the Republic, parliamentary institutions, and democracy in general. Their differences related to the way they would reorganize future Germany. Ludendorff and Hitler wanted a united greater Germany under a Hohenzollern Kaiser. Kahr and the Patriotic Unions wanted a federal Germany, the partition of Prussia, the hegemony of Bavaria, and a Wittelsbach Kaiser.

Herr von Kahr, in his position as Staatskommissar, succeeded, largely through the help of Ehrhardt, in detaching some units from the Hitler organization. Wikingbund, Reichsflagge, and several smaller associations deserted Hitler and went over to Kahr. They were persuaded that the latter's scheme, the advantages of which were carefully explained to them, stood a better chance of success than Hitler's plan. Kahr's position as Staatskommissar enabled him to favor the societies loyal to him with financial resources as well as official backing. His alliance with Lossow also placed the *Reichswehr*, or Bavarian National Guard, at his disposal.

However, Kahr could not carry out his ambitious plans of overthrowing the Republic against the opposition of the National Socialists, who remained loyal to Hitler. It was therefore necessary for him to win over Hitler and Ludendorff and to get them to coöperate. Pöhner's testimony shows that he acted as the middleman in these negotiations, and gives us a clear and detailed account of how they were conducted.

Although these joint preparations for a march on Berlin, between the end of September and the beginning of November, brought the two groups into closer relations, they still mistrusted each other, and they could not agree which party should exercise the leadership. That wrecked the project. The different groups, wrought up to a high pitch of excitement by constant alarms and mobilizations, demanded action. Kahr hesitated; he waited for reports from North Germany, where plans were by no means so far advanced as in Bavaria. In that part of the country the Patriotic Unions were not so influential. Most important of all, the Reichswehr there had not been won over. The evidence has not brought out as yet who Kahr's agents in North Germany were. Kahr himself did not have so much confidence in the magic of Ludendorff's name as did that general and his satellites. Finally Hitler and Ludendorff, who were burning with impatience and had no intention of being pushed into the background, seized the first favorable opportunity to set things going. They hoped in this way to seize the direction of the movement. So they managed to sweep Kahr off his feet at the Bürgerbräu-Keller. On the evening of November 8, Hitler seemed to have won. At noon, November 9, Ludendorff was under arrest and Hitler was a fugitive. But at the same time the Hitler revolt had punctured the Kahr revolt. Kahr was pilloried as a traitor by the chauvinist patriots. The gulf between the two insurrectionary movements was deeper than ever. The two parties now stand before the tribunal mortal enemies. Each is trying to throw the blame for failure upon the other.

The frankness with which Hitler and Ludendorff, Pöhner and Kriebel have

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described the historical background of the revolt is most gratifying. Their speeches, to be sure, show more eagerness to win public sympathy for the 'Nationalist' cause than to prove their innocence to the court. They know that the letter of the law and the facts of the case demand their conviction. But they hope that the court will not dare to sentence them for political reasons, or that if they are sentenced the outraged Bavarian people will liberate them from prison. They may be deceiving themselves. Ludendorff's attacks upon the Catholics and the Catholic clergy have decidedly lessened that prospect. In a situation requiring political tact, the General has a hand like a ham.

But not only does Kahr sit morally in the prisoner's box by the side of Hitler and Ludendorff — the whole Government Party of Bavaria since March 13, 1920, is summoned before the bar of public judgment. At that time Kahr took advantage of the treasonable attempt of Kapp and his associates to overthrow the Government at Berlin to seize power in Bavaria, with the help of the *Freikorps Oberland* and the other Patriotic Unions, and to make himself Prime Minister. Public sentiment and the *Landtag* offered no effective opposition. From the time he seized office we have had a constant series of crises between Bavaria and the National Government. Democratic and republican ideas have been systematically suppressed. The Social Democrats have been hounded and harried. Even after he retired as Premier, Kahr utilized his influential position as President of the Council of Upper Bavaria and his control of the Patriotic Unions to continue a policy of sabotage against the National Government.

How did it happen that the Cabinet appointed him *Generalstaatskommissar*, or dictator, on the twenty-sixth of last September? This was not an act of free will on the part of the legally constituted authorities. It was done under the duress exercised by the Patriotic Unions. Since the beginning of 1923 these Unions had declared that if passive resistance ceased in the Ruhr all Germany must rise up and put in power a 'truly National' Government. The Kustrin revolt in Brandenburg was a premature fragment of this plan. Even before passive resistance in the Ruhr was formally ended, a drumfire of public resolutions and secret ultimatums was directed against the Bavarian Ministry, to force it either to defy the Berlin Government or to resign. Both the National Socialists and the Patriotic Unions, with Herr von Kahr pulling the strings, made feverish preparation for action. The weak Bavarian Cabinet, thinking to choose the lesser of two evils, appointed Kahr Generalstaatskommissar. This blocked the National Socialists but gave free rein to the Patriotic Unions. After that, measures to overthrow the Republic were rapidly matured.

The trial shows glaringly how far the Balkanization of Germany by reactionary Fascist organizations, secret societies, and irresponsible but ambitious leaders, has already gone. When Lieutenant-Colonel Kriebel boasts in open court that when he was commander of the National Guard in March 1920, at the time of the Kapp revolt and Kahr's first appointment as Bavarian Premier, he 'earned his spurs as an insurrectionist,' and when the late notorious Chief of Police Pöhner cynically admits that he has been plotting high treason for five years, these witnesses throw a vivid ray of light into the depths of Bavaria's political rottenness.

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LIBERALISM VERSUS LABOR IN GREAT BRITAIN

BY GILBERT MURRAY

From *The Nation and the Athenæum, March 15*
(London Liberal, Literary, and Political Weekly)

The one hope of salvation for wounded Europe lies in the prevalence in one nation after another of Liberal ideas and a Liberal spirit. Socialism will not help it. Class war will destroy it. Protectionist-militarist Conservatism will prevent its recovery. . . .

Let us clear away first some common futilities. Liberalism does not mean 'Individualism as against Socialism'; it does not mean 'the interest of the middle classes'; it does not mean 'unrestricted *laissez faire*.' These catchwords are mostly unreal; and, so far as they mean anything, they are characteristic of the Conservative rather than the Liberal Party.

Both Liberalism and Conservatism, as opposed to Revolution, start by a fundamental reverence for Civilization and an acceptance of the existing social system as the result of long ages of human effort and progress. The difference between the two parties is one of emphasis or direction. The Conservative fears greatly to disturb or endanger the existing order; he entrenches himself in its traditions; he is sometimes apt to defend its abuses. The Liberal values it as a high stage already reached in the eternal pilgrimage of mankind, and looks on toward the next stage. He accepts Progress; he believes in light and ever more light; he works for the continued betterment of this great society. What makes him a Liberal is liberality toward new ideas and toward opponents, readiness to hear reason, and anxiety not to be misled by prejudice, nor to fall back on mere authority or coercion.

Now, all last century the chief thing wrong with England was, as it still is, the condition of the masses. Wealth and privilege were in too few hands. Social progress demanded a better distribution of both. Thus Liberalism became the party not only of Progress, but of Democracy. It made the laws steadily more humane. It extended the franchise; it gave full citizenship to classes hitherto excluded, like Jews and Catholics. It distributed wealth by means of the death-duties, the graduated income-tax, the super-tax. It procured a legal status for trades-unions. It started free education. It initiated health insurance and unemployment insurance. It advocated freedom for Ireland, and progressive self-government for India and Egypt. It incurred unpopularity by protecting aborigines from abuse by their English masters.

So far all its action was democratic, though in the last matter already it began to alienate democratic opinion in the colonies, where the British workingman was no longer the 'under dog' but the upper one. And in the rest of its policy it appealed to the thinkers, not to the masses. It worked for enlightenment. Of course, there is great freemasonry and fellowship among the oppressed, and for a long time the British masses felt sympathetic to J. S. Mill and the Philosophic Radicals, whom they saw constantly fighting their battles. But the sympathy did not go deep. Liberalism stood for Freedom of Speech and Thought. Thinking men, rich and poor, were with them;

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but the uneducated masses liked neither, any more than the Tory did. Liberalism stood for Free Trade on broad scientific grounds, because protective tariffs are disturbers of trade and breeders of nationalism and war. The masses in the British colonies, where they are less respectful of intellect and more inclined to do what they please, went straight for thumping Protection. In England they still stick to Free Trade, but largely perhaps because it means cheap food.

The Liberals in foreign affairs tried always to correct current prejudice and to see the point of view of the foreigner. They were dubbed 'friends of every country but their own,' and have always had the unthinking mob against them. The Liberals realized the immense harm done by drink, and worked as a party for Temperance Reform. They were dubbed 'Puritans' and hated. They had most of the churches with them, and all the liquor trade and the sporting mob against them. They found an Army in which promotion went by purchase, and they established promotion by merit. Most important, perhaps, of all, they abolished patronage in the Civil Service, and established appointment by free competitive examination, with the result that the British Civil Service is probably the purest, ablest, and most effective instrument of government ever known in the history of the world. In some Colonies where the Labor Party has been long in power this is all changed. The Civil Service is 'democratized' and can be entered without any test of merit.

The spirit of Progress in all these points begins to clash with the spirit of mere Democracy. Sometimes the clash is sharper. The introduction of new machinery has always put men out of work; Democracy was against the machines, Progress was for them. The whole Industrial Revolution, if in the main a beneficent or at least a necessary stage of progress, was accompanied by terrible evils; and most Liberals now think that their predecessors made some terrible mistakes in detail through the general support they gave to it.

At the present time it looks as if Democracy and Progress were parting company. They have already done so in the colonies, where the Labor Governments on the whole may be said to aim at a standard of civilization which need not be high or progressive, but must be comfortable to the working class. The British Labor Party itself is a great amalgam. It differed sharply from Mr. Hughes — Australia's Labor Premier — in the war. Its ablest champions still retain the idealist tradition which they learned as Radicals. Many of its new recruits are keen Liberals, who have left their party because in the turmoil of war it seemed to have forgotten its Liberality. Some are the mere extremists of the Left, such as are habitually thrown off by all practical organizations, and will probably in due course become rebels against Labor.

But large elements in the party are really Tory at heart. The Jingo mob, which used to vote Tory, now tends to vote Labor. So does the sporting mob. The vast masses who like drink and love betting; who think it silly to stop bribery in elections; who hate 'idealists' as much as Lord Birkenhead does, are now voting either Tory or Labor, with an increasing drift toward Labor. A friend of mine who proposed to stand in 1918 as a Labor candidate was told that they did not want 'any of your damned middle-class idealism.' These are the allies whom the Duke of Northumberland takes to his heart. He rightly sees and cries aloud that his real enemies are the Liberals. Labor is at heart all right! It would follow Disraeli! Democracy, the mere desire

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of the mass, broken loose from Progress, the will for better life: the breach has, of course, not yet come about, at any rate in England. But already the rift is showing.

I think, sooner or later, one of two things must happen. If organized Liberalism dies, the nation will be divided by a simple struggle between rich and poor, in which the Labor Party will probably keep some slowly dwindling traces of the ideals derived from Liberalism, while the Conservatives will wish to stand for civilization and good government, but will inevitably confound these good things by the old lust for big profits, class ascendancy, and coercion. If organized Liberalism continues, the process will be more complicated. Labor will win its triumph not by breaking off from the rest of the nation but by permeating both parties. Both parties ought long ago to have made more room for working-class representatives in their counsels and have cared more than they do for the real daily life of the mass of their fellow citizens.

They will certainly have to do so in future. Then the split will come not between the rival greeds of rich and poor but between the opposing principles of those who stand for the higher or the lower elements of human nature and organization, for Progress or for Reaction.

It will be at one extreme the racing, betting, drinking, pleasure-seeking mob, rich and poor alike, allied with the pub and the yellow press, ready to hunt Huns and Bolshies and keep damned niggers in their places with a stick; at the other extreme the chapel-going teetotaler, the reformer and social worker, the advanced thinker, the philanthropist and humanitarian, the intellectual who breaks his head against the walls of bad custom; and between the two, as now, the mass of average or moderate people, inclining now one way and now the other.

Conditions will never, of course, be the same as they have been before. If things go well, Socialist legislation is bound gradually to increase as the State becomes possessed of greater detailed knowledge and power and can undertake more hopefully the problems of its own organization. The law of property is bound to be made more just and delicate. The enormous advantages of capital and of capitalism will be utilized for more public ends. Coöperation will be the watchword instead of the class war. Security and a 'national minimum' will be the birthright of every citizen secured by law; and after that the maximum of freedom, the encouragement of merit, the career open to talent, and the rewards to the best worker.

But within this general movement there will always be the normal struggle between Gladstone and Disraeli, between J. S. Mill and Carlyle, between Cobden and Palmerston, between education and circuses, between the spirit and the body, the word and the sword. And the spirit, we Liberals must remember, will very often be wrong and tyrannical, and the word often futile or false. There will be times when the circus is more wanted than the lecture on civics, when the flesh and perhaps even the sword have their rights.

This is on the whole the struggle that goes on inside each citizen's own nature. It is a division that lies deep in human character as well as in English history. And it depends absolutely on the continuance of Liberalism. Destroy that, and we are faced with the sheer Marxian struggle between rich and poor, between Have and Have Not, whose end, on Marx's own showing, is revolution and whose method is the systematic debasement of the soul of man.

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LIBERALISM VERSUS DEMOCRACY IN LATIN AMERICA

BY JUAN B. TERAN

From *La Prensa, February* 17
(BUENOS AIRES LIBERAL DAILY)

THE revolution by which we won our independence from Spain was a profession of faith in a new creed. It was the negation and repudiation of our past traditions. Its leaders sought to found a new order, inspired by new ideals. This conception came from definite sources — from France and from the United States. It was the fruit of the eighteenth-century liberalism, the political formulation of which was Jacobinism.

Every line that the fathers of our independence wrote, every word of their oral declarations of political faith, exalted this new creed. It was not only a war cry of expediency — it was a burning conviction in their hearts.

That conviction was universal. Juan Ignacio Gorriti, an able patriot from the remote interior of Argentina, born in the provinces, educated at the University of Córdoba, and a priest of the Church, who should therefore have been immune to the revolutionary philosophy if any man ever was, wrote in his *Reflexiones:* 'The principal task of the new governments in Spanish America should be to root out the traditions of their people.'

Therefore the revolution originally signified in its impulses, its doctrines, its ideals, a complete rupture with the past, a spiritual repudiation of Europe — for which we already had the precedents of the United States. And twenty years after independence was achieved, Echeverría could write in his *Dogma:* 'Our despotic colonial tradition, in which the people were a cipher, can have nothing in common with the democratic principles of the American Revolution. The only American tradition we can accept is the democratic tradition that had its origin in our Revolution.'

The programme of the revolutionary fathers was: to win political independence, to establish a democratic government, to open the country to trade with the rest of the world, and to encourage public instruction as the indispensable foundation of free institutions.

Recent writers have propounded the theory that the revolution was the work of an aristocratic minority, whose business interests suffered under the Spanish navigation laws that prohibited trade with other countries; and that the people were not really benefited in exchanging the despotism of Spain for the feudal suzerainty of a small class of educated and wealthy men in Buenos Aires and a few other urban centres. The proponents of this doctrine assert that true democracy did not appear until the dictatorship of Rosas, who based his power on the rural masses and the poor people. They assert that the tyrant in fact achieved the democratic ideal of the revolution.

It is true that dictators in Latin America have generally been popular demigods, professing to represent the will of the common people; but they have never actually consulted the common people except to flatter their prejudices and passions.

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Indeed, the era of bloody dictatorship in Argentina destroyed the programme of the revolution. It preached hatred of foreign ideas in politics and culture, and even in fashions of dress. It professed contempt for the culture of Europe. Its programme was to close our ports and waterways to foreign commerce, and to stifle industry and trade, exactly as was done by Spain under the colonial régime. In fact, this hatred of the stranger resulted in a consistent return to all the old Spanish traditions. The State was exalted over the individual, and though the dictators in their conduct and practices were the reverse of Christian, they proclaimed themselves the protectors of the Church. Rosas called himself the 'Great American,' and was honestly believed to be so by many people. He was the 'Great American' because he hurled defiance in the teeth of England and France, just as Cipriano Castro, another dictator in Venezuela seventy years later, hurled defiance in the face of nearly all Europe.

After the epoch of dictatorship passed and Sarmiento, Mitre, Alberdi, Urquiza, and the other redeemers of our liberty recovered power, the theories of the revolution were revived. European ideals and liberalism again came into vogue. Our waterways and our ports were again thrown open to foreign trade. The nation labored sedulously to erect its social edifice on the model of that of other advanced countries, and the theories and instincts begotten of the colonial régime once more fell into disrepute. Fifty years after independence a prominent Argentine publicist wrote: 'The progress of Latin America logically involves our abjuration of the past. That past stands for a government that dominated everything, that was the dispenser of life and death. Our failures and disasters all spring from our colonial traditions. We must shake them off and reconstruct our society on a truly liberal, democratic basis.' The author of *America*, a book famous in its day, wrote: 'Let us live in an environment of European thought, of her science, of her literature. Let us invite her thinkers, absorb her ideals, copy her culture. Let America be the moon which reflects the light of the European luminary.' Alberdi called America a transplanted Europe, Sarmiento sought our salvation in copying the United States.

Are there signs that we are abandoning this attitude for a second time? I have recently read such expressions as these. Velazco Aragón, the Peruvian author, writes: 'The soul of our race is not the offspring of European culture or of its mystic imitations.' Señor Noel, an Argentine author, declares: 'Cosmopolitanism cannot destroy the vital principle of Spanish-American civilization.' José Vasconcelos, a Mexican author, champions the theory of 'an Iberian-American nationalism, the task of which should be to shake off the yoke of European thought, under whose vassalage our people have lived for a century.' Alfredo Palacio believes we should start a crusade to defend the moral unity of Iberian America from absorption by the United States. Palacio's ideas are identical with those of Henriquez Uruena, the intellectuals of the West Indies, Manuel Ugarte, Carlos Pereyra, R. Blanco Fombona, and other Latin-American writers of first rank.

So we see a wave of ardent, exclusive, and aggressive nationalism sweeping over the Latin-American countries. There is nothing factitious about that movement. It has sprung up independently in different places. Its immediate objects are at times contradictory, but its essential principle is 'Americanism.' The majority, if not all, of the leaders of this movement

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proclaim the originality of American life, its wealth in native cultural elements, its power to found a new historical cycle.

But this tendency extends beyond the realm of ideas. It is expressing itself in concrete social facts. While it may be going too far to assert that we no longer welcome immigration from Europe or extend our hospitality to strangers as freely as before, the general diffusion of a higher culture among our people makes them respond to the proverbial arrogance of the foreigner in our midst with a new conviction of their own capacity and worth. The native has discovered that he can compete on equal terms with the man from abroad in the higher fields of endeavor. This has given him a new conception, not only of his personal merit, but of the value of his country, and has correspondingly lowered his admiration for Europe. Furthermore, the war has punctured any illusion that the Latin American formerly cherished as to the solidity and superiority of European culture.

Even a philanthropic mission of the Rockefeller Foundation has been requested to withdraw because our national pride no longer permits us to accept foreign assistance. Although one can hardly speak of hatred of foreigners in a nation one fifth of whose people were born abroad, we are conscious of a marked cooling of sympathy and interest for the countries from which they come.

Furthermore, this remarkable revolution of sentiment, recalling the state of mind in the colonial period, and again in the later era of dictatorship, coincides with a new phase of our history — that introduced with universal suffrage, in other words, with the practical triumph of the democratic ideal of the revolution.

This coincidence is by no means fortuitous. Whenever the masses have had their will they have reverted to the doctrines and the prejudices of the past. That tends to prove the thesis that the revolution through which we won our independence was indeed the work of a minority, and that the ideals of its leaders were not those of the rank and file of the population. The course of our development has been largely determined hitherto by that minority. And is it not an extraordinary thing that, after the ideals of the revolution have been preached for a century, after the men who made that revolution have been enshrined in the hearts of the country, after their teaching has been hallowed by the reverence that now enwraps the teachers, after we have incorporated millions of foreigners into our own body politic and our country has become a real melting-pot of races, after all this estrangement from the past, no sooner does the spirit of the masses find free expression than we revert to these remote ancestral tendencies?

Universal suffrage unquestionably accords with the ideals of the fathers of our independence; but at the same time it tends to destroy their work by making the government supreme over the individual, by increasing our fiscal exactions, and by substituting official oversight and legislative coercion for the programme of education, individual self-direction, personal initiative, and freedom of trade and industry that the protagonists of our revolution preached. We have not reverted to the methods of dictators like Rosas. The tyrant would never have consulted the people, although he knew that he depended upon their support. The changes that are occurring to-day originate from below, not from above. They have their origin in the prejudices and preferences of the masses who cast the ballots. We

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cannot deny the validity of this movement without denying the very principle of democracy upon which our government is based.

Is this contradiction between the two aspects of our revolution, between its political ideology and its social ideology, irreconcilable and enduring, or is it simply transitory? Which would the fathers of our country have preferred — the triumph of democracy or the realization of their social reforms? Would they have chosen democracy, even though the country voted to return to the old bureaucratic system and to all the restrictions upon trade and industry that the colonial régime enforced? Or, viewing the problem from a different standpoint, is democracy now justifying itself, or demonstrating itself a failure? This brings us to an aspect of the problem that is not Argentine alone. It is the problem of all Western civilization.

IN THE ABYSSES OF MOSCOW

BY ALBERT ENGSTROM

[*The author, who is founder and editor of* Strix, *a unique Stockholm humorous weekly, holds an unusually high position in Scandinavia, both as a writer and as an artist. Two years ago he was elected a member of the Swedish Academy, the first avowed humorist to win a place among the country's immortals.*]

From *Berlingske Tidende, January* 6
(Copenhagen Conservative Daily)

Why Alexei Gregorevich was arrested he does not know and he never will know. It happened. A police official, revolver in hand and index finger on the trigger, entered his room one fine forenoon and told him to come along. He asked what he had done. The policeman shrugged his shoulders and said he was in a hurry. Alexei knew it was hopeless to protest. He put a few boxes of cigarettes and matches in his pocket, looked at himself in the mirror, whisked a few grains of dust from his elegant necktie, put on his English ulster, set his irreproachable hat on his grayish head, and started down the stairs with the man of the law unpleasantly close at his heels. Down on the Kuznetskii Most — the formerly fashionable street where Alexei lived in what was once an *appartement de luxe*, with torn wall-paper, splintered hardwood floor, and bullet holes in the stucco ceiling — he found awaiting him a small but select com-

'A small but select company'

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pany. There were three other policemen with drawn revolvers, guarding a Chinaman in a tattered fur coat, a former monk with long hair and tufted beard, and a woman of the street, clad in a calfskin coat and a pair of men's boots. Alexei Gregorevich lit a cigarette and the procession started for the jail.

Few of the people they met paid any attention. Such things are so common in Moscow. Not so Natalia Ivanovna! Ivanovna fluttering in furs, fresh rouged, and dazzling! She suppressed a cry — Alexei Gregorevich! In two hours he was to have taken her to dinner at 'The Empire.'

Alexei also saw her. He wanted to wave at her, but happened to remember that the man with the revolver might misunderstand. He therefore limited himself to a glance that should have spoken a whole library, lit a new cigarette, and the next moment was out of sight around a corner.

I had learned to know Alexei Gregorevich in a circle of diplomats, scientists, and financiers of the kind that the revolution had created but has not yet been able to democratize. He is an attorney. He has the highly cultured Russian's extraordinary ability to appear at ease under all circumstances — invariably with a slight dash of irony. He is a type of the period when the Russian aristocrat 'spoke Russian to his God, French to his peers, and German to his servants.' He has a sense of humor which has helped him endure the terrors of the revolution, survive Communist inroads on his private property, and bear poverty without complaint.

We had met almost daily during a fortnight, in a club where a number of stranded people gathered around the samovar to discuss the problems of the day. The head waiter is Prince P——, formerly a cavalry officer, and he wears his threadbare jacket and his new dignity with the same calm with which he once shot a soldier on the street for insulting a woman.

To him came Natalia Ivanovna, and with many tears — while she powdered her cheeks and dabbed new paint on her lips — she related that Alexei Gregorevich had been arrested. She had seen it herself! And in such company! Was there nothing to do? She could swear by all the saints that he was innocent.

The head waiter assured her that she might be at ease. Every member of the club had been locked up sometime or other. An arrest had little meaning nowadays. Perhaps they wanted to know whether the house in which he lived was sanitary — but his friends would be informed and everything in human power would be done.

In the evening we all learned of Alexei's fate. To my surprise, his friends paid hardly any attention. Jacob Gavrilovich promised to visit the prison the next day. He returned without having seen Alexei, and no one among the officials knew the reason for his arrest. 'Well,' said Alexei's friends, 'such things happen. We 'll see.'

I talked with some others and they said, 'Who has not been in jail? Even the foreign diplomatic representatives were once locked up. You remember, don't you? Why should n't Alexei Gregorevich have a try? Don't pay attention to trifles, Albert Lavrentevich! Don't you want a little prison experience yourself? You are here to study Russia. Don't you know all people in Russia are divided into three classes, those who have been in jail, those who are in jail, and those who are going to jail? Have a cup of tea. It cheers you up.'

I drank and was cheered. But Alexei Gregorevich was gone and stayed so.

Gradually he became more and more unreal to my memory. We are all

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egoists. In my defense I may state that I spent my time in the most serious employments. Among other things I sketched the most important men who now rule Russia. It took time to get at them. I had almost forgotten Alexei Gregorevich, when, a month after his arrest, he suddenly entered with some others the room of a mutual friend whom I was visiting.

He entered as if he had disappeared only the day before — perhaps a little paler, and smiling a little more ironically.

'Welcome back!' we chorused. 'How have you been?'

'Fine. I was even allowed to go out and take a bath on my word of honor. It has been an amusing and pleasant experience and I have studied human nature. I have gained the friendship of a thief — a remarkably elevated character, a gentleman.'

And Alexei Gregorevich related his experiences. He had had more quiet than for a long time and had gained such composure that, upon his return, he could note without losing his temper that all his possessions had been stolen. Most he regretted the loss of a collection of neckties of designs and colors that could not be produced under the present government. But it was a sorrow of this world. Nichevo!

He had won the jailers' favor by offering them some of the best cigarettes in Russia — and that is saying a good deal. In the same cell there had been a school-teacher who had been arrested for singing in a church choir — a serious offense, because God has been officially abolished by the Communists, and instead of Biblical history and catechism the doctrines of Karl Marx are taught in the schools. For the present Marx may replace God, though opinions are divided as to whether this accords with what the old idealist himself meant by his theories.

One day the school-teacher recognized in a corridor of the prison one of his former pupils. The boy was barefoot and the teacher asked him what had become of his shoes. At first he tried to hide the truth, but when pressed he related that his cell-mates, confirmed thieves and murderers, had taken his shoes away from him. Fearing their revenge, he had not dared tell anyone. Alexei Gregorevich took the matter up and succeeded in convincing the warden that these people were not suitable company for such a young prisoner. The boy was then moved to the cell of the attorney and the teacher, who then learned that the thieves had played cards for the shoes and had not even given the boy a chance to play with them. The lucky winner had sold the shoes.

After much deliberation, the warden let himself be persuaded to demand the shoes back for their rightful owner. The thief promised on his word of honor as a thief — which he declared worth more than the word of many so-called honest people — that the boy should have his shoes back before ten o'clock the next day. Whereupon the thief visited the buyer in his cell, gambled with him for the shoes, won, and returned them within the stipulated period.

This thief interested Alexei Gregorevich and they soon became fast friends. He was remarkably intelligent and soon initiated Alexei into the mysteries of the prison. It was a custom to play cards for the property of a third party. In the same cell as Petja Petrovich — the name of the thief — sat a peasant, dressed in an excellent leather jacket. For that they played without the peasant's knowing it. Petja won, and then went to the peasant who sat in a corner and slept.

'Take off your coat, you country lout!'

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'Why?'

'Because I have won it at cards, you idiot!' And the peasant had to give up his coat.

'That is the way things are done,' said Petja triumphantly, pointing to the jacket which he wore. 'This is the one.'

Petja was soon set free through lack of evidence. Before leaving, he gave Alexei his address, written on one of the gambling-cards, which consisted of a scrap of newspaper.

This and many other things Alexei related. When the warden one day told him he was free, he tried to find out why he had been arrested. No one knew. 'Such things happen.' And wonderingly he went out into autumn sunshine.

One day I told Alexei Gregorevich that from an early age I had been interested in the so-called 'underworld.' In my youth, accompanied by a well-known London detective, I had been through the slums and crime-nests of Whitechapel, and I had also studied the social abysses of the French capital and of New York.

A few days later he handed me a newspaper playing-card.

'The thief's?'

'Yes. Keep it, if you wish. Since we last met, I have seen my friend, and when I told him of your visits in the various underworlds, he became much interested in you. If you want to come next Friday, he will guarantee that you will see something in comparison with which what you have seen so far will seem like child's play. As a precaution, I have also arranged to have us accompanied by a police official. Come as you are, only be sure to fill your pockets with cigarettes, exactly as you did in Paris. We'll be a party of five: our friend Oleg Andreevich, you and myself, the police agent, and the thief. Will you come? I will admit that when the horrors of Europe and Asia are mixed in the heart of Russia, the result is worse than the horrors of Asia or Europe seen separately. And watch my thief carefully. Here in Moscow we make a distinction between "dry" and "wet" thieves. The dry are those who steal without committing murder, while the wet kill in order to steal. Petja is dry; he is really a distinguished thief.'

At ten on Friday morning, Oleg, Alexei, and myself met, hired a couple of cabs, and drove toward the northeast. We stopped somewhere on Domnikovskaia. Alexei disappeared, but in half an hour he was back, accompanied by the police official, an agreeable man of reassuring appearance. He was dressed as a civilian, but under his coat one could discern a revolver belt. We then drove farther, I do not know where, one street up and another down. The houses became steadily more and more wretched and dirty. The same was true of the street crowds — peasants, workingmen, and beggars without end. We stopped before a half-ruined building. We entered through a dark gateway, and opened the door to a public house, full of noisy people eating and drinking. It was almost dark, so that it was several seconds before we could distinguish anything. Then a man came forward and shook hands with Alexei Gregorevich.

It was the thief, Petja Petrovich. After being introduced, we drank a few glasses of tea. Of the conversation I understood nothing, but I learned that he was going to take us to a back court in the neighborhood, where we were to meet some of his pals. Personally he did not care to accompany us farther, but his friends would show us the way. Most important of all, he said, was that we should see the 'Hot Spring Hotel.' The place had been so named because it was the outlet of one of the city

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sewers, and around it lived some people in the open air. The sewage always has some warmth in it.

The police official, Vasilii Vasilevich, knew the Hot Spring Hotel already. He said we could get along without Petja, who had important business elsewhere; and he still wore the peasant's leather jacket.

Then we started out. We emerged in a courtyard where the mud was over our ankles, as it had rained the day before. In all directions were dilapidated houses, built in irregular lines. Queer-looking individuals, wearing remnants of sheepskin coats and with feet wrapped in rags, spied at us from the corners. Then we reached a place where Petja left us.

On the bare ground, between putrid puddles, lay groups of human beings,

'Between putrid puddles lay groups of human beings.'

men, women, and children intermixed. The majority were playing cards.

I had previously believed that I had some imagination. I now realized that I had flattered myself. I do not believe even a paper-mill could use such rags as those people wore. But they did not seem unhappy. On the contrary, they seemed gay and brazen. Our arrival did not disturb them.

'Take out your sketchbook and make pictures,' said Vasilii Vasilevich.

I suddenly remembered that I had a sketchbook in my pocket. But somehow I felt disinclined. And yet — had I not come to draw and study? I took out my book and made a few lightning sketches. Then I could do no more. And the models also became too much interested. They crowded around me, curious and smiling. I put the book in my pocket and began to distribute cigarettes.

That day I shall never forget. Never before had I felt such embarrassment at wearing a warm coat, at having had a good meal, and at being a member of civilized society and enjoying its protection.

But these people did not beg. Not a hand was stretched out. And the women? They looked us calmly in the eye, not impertinently or with a challenge, but there was something in the brilliancy of their glances — real brilliancy — which did not seem to me natural. And as if he had guessed my thoughts, Alexei said, 'It is cocaine.' And then I saw the same effect in the men and the children.

A little apart, as if by themselves, sat half-a-dozen women and men apparently half asleep, bent forward with heads on their crossed arms. 'These here,' said Vasilii Vasilevich, 'have no more cocaine, or else it has ceased to affect them. But if they get some money, they will immediately run off and buy more. Whatever they can steal or beg, they spend for cocaine. Drugs and cards are their mania. Where do they get the cocaine? Well, once in a while, when we make a raid, we get hold of one of their sources of supply. But before long everything goes on as before.'

'Where do they live, these people? Where do they spend their nights?'

'Live? They crawl in wherever they

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can: in the old sheds here, in cellars, in stairways, or else they remain here on the ground. They can stand a remarkable amount of cold.'

The more I looked at them the more horrible they seemed. Here and there a naked breast stuck out from among the

'Here and there a naked breast stuck out from among the rags.'

rags, or a bare stomach. To such things they showed a sublime indifference.

A young lad walked by. His garments were the queerest I had ever seen and he wore them with such a

'His garments were the queerest I had ever seen.'

mocking, grandiose air that my fingers began to itch. The police official, who had guessed my sensation, called to him, 'Stand still a moment and you'll get a billion.' But he only smiled and disappeared around a corner.

We had stood there long enough to feel chilly. It was about five degrees above freezing, or perhaps less. How could these half-naked people stand it?

'It is time to move,' said Alexei, 'if we are to finish the day's programme. We still have quite a way to the Hot Spring Hotel.' We went, and many of the ragged ones waved good-bye.

Before the war, construction was begun of a railroad bridge to connect the Nikolai Station with the Kursk Station. Now the work has been resumed. The place has always been insecure. During and after the revolution vehicles were often stopped and robbed. A big bridge under construction, with its many hiding-places, is naturally a favorite resort of persons of the kind I was meeting here. Near this bridge is the place known as the Hot Spring Hotel.

When we entered the bridge, on which a number of female laborers were working under the supervision of a man, we were stopped by soldiers with

'A seven-year-old tot, wearing something that was once a frock coat, but otherwise absolutely naked.'

drawn bayonets. But when Vasilii Vasilevich had explained to them why he was in civilian garb, we were allowed to pass. Between the massive granite blocks strewn over the railroad

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line lived people who, although artisans, tailors, and cobblers, were all in rags. They were mending shoes and clothes that would have disfigured a scarecrow in Sweden, and while the cobblers worked on the shoes the owners stood waiting, barefoot.

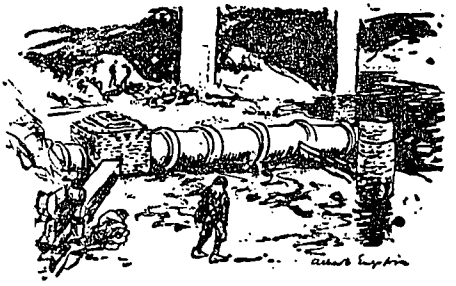
In the middle of the railroad track we met little Mischa. Imagine a seven-year-old tot, wearing something that once was a frock coat, but otherwise absolutely naked. A year or so ago he had arrived on one of the trains of refugees from the famine districts. Of his father or mother he knew nothing. He lived under the bridge, where at night he dug himself down in the gravel. In appearance he was neither thin nor pinched. He shivered a little, because the coat was soaking wet. Otherwise he was comfortable. For one hundred million rubles he let me draw his picture. His unexpected luck caused another lad of the same name, who was thirteen years old, to offer himself as a model. He was gay and red-headed; had no sorrows whatever, though he owned only an old bag that served him as coat, and a pair of trousers that consisted mostly of holes. He also received one hundred million rubles. Afterward he wanted to see his picture, and smiled at it. He will make his way.

'He owned only an old bag that served him as a coat, and a pair of trousers that consisted mostly of holes.'

'But what is to become of little Mischa, who is only seven?'

'Little Mischa is going to be a thief,' said Alexei Gregorevich in all seriousness.

We clambered down to the sewer outlet and I began to draw the



'The Hot Spring Hotel'

Hot Spring Hotel. Below me sat a whole family of ragamuffins, playing cards. They broke off their game and crowded around me. They shoved me about and pointed their fingers at me. Shamelessly they snatched at the cigarettes I offered them. More and more came and pushed about me, until at last I had to call for Vasilii Vasilevich, who drove them off with his revolver. He advised us to vanish and slowly we retreated to save our dignity.

Once more we reached the alleyways. Alongside a half-crumbled wall we stumbled upon a whole colony of men and women who lay motionless on the bare ground, under a cover of rags, paper scraps, roof tiles, and other remarkable objects. They looked as if they were asleep, and when we came closer, we saw most were totally naked. Vasilii Vasilevich spoke to them, but they could not get up, as they had nothing on. We gave them a few billions and at once they began to quarrel. I was told they quarreled about who should get up and spend the money. Suddenly a heap of rags arose. It was a young woman who had undertaken

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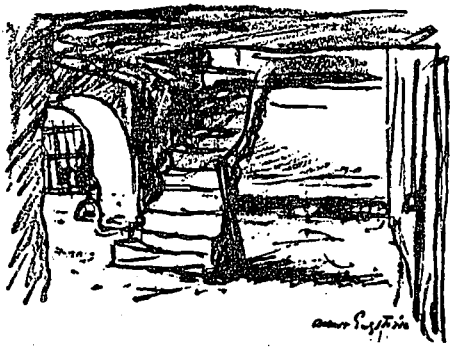
the task of investing the billion ruble bills. She could hardly get free from the cluttered mass of people. There were at least twice as many as I had at first supposed, and they were all covered with filth and sores.

This was inferno enough. It was time to return and enjoy a warm dinner and drink a glass of good wine. Then a café noir and a cigar. Ha, ha, ha! Then we'll go and see the new ballet, the best in the world, the pride of Moscow!



'A house where we captured large quantities of cocaine.'

Slowly we walked back. At a street corner Vasilii Vasilevich said, 'Come this way a few steps and you'll see a house where we captured large quantities of cocaine.'

We opened an old squeaking gate. The house was almost in ruins, with a dilapidated balcony and a stairway that seemed unsafe. A few gloomy persons leaned over the railing and looked at us defiantly.

'Go up and draw,' said Vasilii Vasilevich. 'Nothing will happen. They recognize me.'

But whom do I meet on the stairway? The young woman who had received the billions. Her eyes shone. Her cheeks glowed. She whispered a happy greeting. The ragged shawl fell from her shoulders and, almost naked, she stood and smiled. Then she went her way, disappearing with the shawl dragging behind her. I went down again to the ill-smelling and untidy gallery beneath, and drew the old stairway.

'Did you see her?' asked Alexei Gregorevich. 'Do you know — she had bought cocaine for the whole gang, but first she had taken a stiff dose herself.'

I said good-bye and went home. My dinner was ready and soon what I had seen was almost like a dream — but a dream that will haunt me as long as I live.

'A whole colony of men and women who lay motionless on the bare ground, under a cover of rags, paper scraps, and roof tiles.'

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OUR LADY OF THE AFFLICTED

BY RAFAEL ARÉVALO MARTÍNEZ

[*This story is one of a series of rather remarkable studies depicting the similarity between certain human types and animals, under the title,* Las Fieras del Tropico. *The author is a prominent Guatemalteco writer, and the story appeared in a volume entitled* El Señor Monitot, *published at Guatemala City in* 1922.]

I FIRST met Licenciado Reinaldo at the home of Señorita de Eguilaz. His face was chubby, pink, and beardless — an ugly-handsome face. It was one of those bare faces that produce a sensation of nudity. It not only lacked beard and moustache, but some other quality of normal masculinity. And this sensation of nudity seemed to extend to his whole person.

Señorita Ema de Eguilaz introduced us. We three were seated in her little drawing-room. The white dove, the white Señorita de Eguilaz, sat facing Licenciado Reinaldo, who seemed to fascinate her with his great, sensuous eyes, which were as caressing as soft, shiny satin. I said 'the white dove,' and should explain that my poor sister, Quina, always called her so. My unfortunate sister shared my strange affliction of seeing people in the guise of animals. The Señor Curate of our parish forbade our mentioning it, but in spite of this her peculiarity got abroad. And I, her brother, perhaps knew least about it. By tacit consent we never mentioned such things, because they seemed to estrange us. But I knew, for instance, that when my sister went to church she always detected the resemblance of the people there to animals. One day she had a nervous crisis because the man kneeling at her side seemed like a jaguar, and she had to be taken away by her friends.

As I sat there looking at white Señorita de Eguilaz and the fat young fellow facing her, I realized that my sister was right, no matter what the doctors might say about her fancies. White Señorita de Eguilaz was a beautiful dove. She was delicate and white as a dove all over, and had the gentleness of a white-plumaged dove. She was born for an ideal domestic life. Everything about her breathed purity and conjugal love — such purity, such love!

Licenciado Reinaldo was a remarkable combination of the repulsive and the attractive. What first impressed me was the fascinating roundness of his face, and a certain repellent roundness of his figure. His body suggested flabby convolutions, and there was always that unpleasant sense of nakedness. But his head was covered with an abundance of glossy black hair.

What did his face keep suggesting to me? Ah, yes. I thought first of the pink figurehead of a boat, or one of those fat cherubs used for architectural ornaments. But an instant later the real similarity struck me with uncanny force. Yes, he looked like the serpent with the human head that was always carried through the town in the Holy Week procession for the edification of the faithful — the serpent on whose neck Saint Michael had set his foot. Our village woodcarver, though a rude and untaught man, had divined by some artistic instinct that the human head of the tempter-serpent should be smooth and round. He had, moreover, given it a touch of grotesqueness. It was this same smoothness and gro-

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tesqueness that characterized Licenciado Reinaldo, and as I gazed at him I realized that the grotesque can be beautiful. For Licenciado Reinaldo was attractive. There was something seducing in his bright, placid face, and his two great, brilliant eyes. I have never seen other eyes so caressing, so hypnotic.

I also realized at the same instant that Licenciado Reinaldo was one of those men who live for women — who constantly think of women, who guide their whole lives by women, whose eyes are always roving after women, or who, if none be present, discuss women with their friends, and interlard their talk with verses from lyric poets who sing of love.

I loved Señorita Ema with the same respectful affection that I cherished for my sister. I was only one of the many unfortunates who made her our refuge and our comfortress. Those of our town for whom no one else cared, who had no hands to kiss, whose sensitive retiring natures made them shrink from common intercourse with their fellow mortals, those tacit outcasts whose indefinable abnormalities ostracize them from society, for some reason clustered around this pure and beautiful woman. Señorita de Eguilaz seemed to seek out the unfortunate to win their hearts. A dozen of us haunted her house. But those to whom she was kindest of all were my sister, myself, and a poor little hysterical girl who possessed the faculty of weeping without the gift of inspiring sympathy. Whenever we spoke of Señorita de Eguilaz we referred to her as 'the Consoler,' and a young student-poet who passed his vacations at Santa Rosa, and whom Señorita Ema taught to like us, had named her 'Our Lady of the Afflicted.' . . .

All the protégés of Señorita de Eguilaz combined to save her from the attentions of Licenciado Reinaldo. Anita Lopez, who suffered from hysterical attacks, decided he must die, and calmly prepared to remove him from the land of the living. But from the first I felt his attraction, and began to move in his orbit. When he rose to leave, that first day, I got up at the same time, although I had come only a few minutes before, and bade adieu to Señorita Ema. He and I walked down the street together as far as the door of his sumptuous residence. The Licenciado was a pleasant conversationalist. His big, caressing eyes regarded me steadily. As I anticipated, he talked about women and gallantries. I inferred, however, that he was a prudent, clear-headed man, cautious and cunning as the serpent he resembled. Even the chilling cynicism beneath his words did not excite the repugnance I anticipated. He merely seemed to me a supremely normal, callous person, wonderfully equipped to live in this world, and yet a good comrade. I finally decided that the reason he did not offend me, as such men usually do, was because he possessed the purity of a serpent. He was a sincere sensualist by nature.

When we reached the door of his luxurious abode the Licenciado invited me to enter with a gentle insistence that I could not resist. I felt bound to him by some invisible cord. We had the long talk about Señorita de Eguilaz that I saw had been his object from the first. I felt it was a profanation to penetrate the sanctuary of Señorita Ema's private life, but in spite of that I answered perforce the Licenciado's questions. To be sure, I did so hesitatingly and reluctantly, but I always answered, obeying a will more powerful than my own. Yet all the while I was conscious of a certain double personality. I could identify myself with something independent of my frail physical body and my unready

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will, — so subservient to the steady gaze of my irresistible enemy's clear, luminous eyes, — with something more subtle, which was quite disassociated from the part of me that obeyed Licenciado Reinaldo. I was aware of two simultaneous streams of consciousness. One studied Licenciado Reinaldo, analyzed him, observed his countenance, his postures, his words, all the little tricks and mannerisms that helped to make his power.

The Licenciado talked in a mellifluous voice, and always in the same key. It never rose even when his will bore strongest on his interlocutor. He talked with his body in complete repose, with his face in complete repose. One could scarcely detect the motion of his delicate lips. He possessed abnormal patience — the gift of waiting. He never interrupted my sometimes long and feverish explanations, but such was the suggestive power of his repose that the slightest quiver of his lips told me he wished to speak, and I stopped instantly and listened. The Licenciado was always sure of being listened to, whenever he so desired. Meanwhile, he never for a moment took his motionless brilliant eyes from me.

Ah, yes, the lucid myself that watched our conversation from some higher plane understood it all. The Licenciado possessed the same power of charming that a serpent has. He was a great, enormous serpent. I conceived him as a boa constrictor. My unhappy and abnormal faculty of association began to play with this idea under a thousand different aspects. I was unable to look at the Licenciado, to think of him, without feeling vividly the presence of a great serpent, of a boa constrictor. So vivid indeed was this that a gasp of terror escaped me when I recalled that I had once heard the doctor remark that the Licenciado ate but one meal a day.

With that readiness with which the sick talk about their ills, I once related at great length to the Licenciado my horrible sleepless nights, and my days obsessed by obscure terrors. With the same calm, caressing voice with which he carried conviction to the minds of his clients and of juries, he said he knew what would cure me. I simply needed to spend a few days on one of his estates, where there were some medical springs, and to follow absolutely the treatment he prescribed. The Licenciado suggested this without raising his voice, without insisting, but his words gave me perfect assurance that he had told me the only way to cure my strange ailment. I thanked him for his generous offer, merely asking a little time before accepting it. I did not have the strength just then to leave Our Lady of the Afflicted. The Licenciado did not press the matter. It was only one of the threads by which he had bound me, and it made no difference if it were broken — he had plenty of others.

I noticed during my daily visits to Señorita Ema that she listened with interest to all I had to say about the Licenciado. The white dove was just as serene as ever, at least outwardly. I had always confided in her the confused and secret troubles of my life, and naturally described at length my relations with the man who was already her declared suitor. She never mentioned his name, but listened with unusual intentness to my chatter.

Meanwhile I was agitated by a single question — Will she accept him? I had an instinctive feeling that the answer would be yes. I could not justify this vague presentiment by actual facts. But when I saw the Licenciado and the Señorita together, during those terrible silences that precede the great decisions of life, when I began to notice that the Licenciado no

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longer joked lightly in his habitual way, and that Señorita de Eguilaz had fits of abstracted silence, dull apprehension weighed on my heart. Still, as day followed day, and these strange silences grew longer, while I sat in a corner tolerated as indifferently as a lap dog, I gradually grew reassured. I never can accustom myself to think of a dreadful thing as real. I have always refused really to believe that my mother is dead. There are experiences in our lives that would kill us by their shock if we were absolutely sure of them. If I really believed my mother was dead, if I was absolutely convinced of it, — although I saw her buried, — I myself would cease to exist. It was in something of the same way that I refused to believe Señorita de Eguilaz would marry Licenciado Reinaldo.

This is how I came to know it. One day, as I was on my way to her house, the sound of excited voices attracted me to a neighboring shop. I found there our little group of the afflicted in agitated conference, and learned that the marriage would occur to-morrow. All the protégés of Señorita de Eguilaz were there. No one had been permitted to call that day. The fat manager of the Grand Hotel stood in the doorway and turned them back, saying that the Señorita had gone to the neighboring village. Everybody was seething with indignation. . . .

Suddenly Don Panchito, a poor monomaniac whom Señorita de Eguilaz had taken under her protection, stammered in a quavering voice: 'Here comes the Licenciado.' He had scarcely spoken when we saw our enemy at the doorway, staring straight at us. He drew himself up to his full height, and an arrogant, commanding quiver flittered across his smooth countenance. Then, calmly entering the shop and sweeping every one of us with a stern but placid glance, he said: 'Well, what is this? A puppet show? Are you waiting for me?' No one ventured to answer. Then the Licenciado, quietly pulling out his watch, added in a voice in which I for the first time caught an accent of stern command: 'Well, now, what are you doing here, anyway? It is just half-past twelve. Your dinner has been waiting for you at home for half an hour. It 's cold already.'

'Of course, it 's getting cold,' all exclaimed in unison, and hastened off as fast as they could go. Licenciado Reinaldo watched them depart with a smile curling his delicate lips, and turning to me, the only one who had remained, said kindly: 'Well, how goes it, my friend? Will you accompany me to Señorita Ema's home?'

It pleased me to hear him say 'Señorita Ema' on the very eve of his marriage, and my hostility instantly vanished. I walked silently at his side the few steps that separated us from the residence of my protectress.

The moment we entered I could see that the house was being prepared for the morrow's festivity. A number of people were putting up white decorations. Long tables, laden with silver and crystal, had been set out in the broad corridors. None of the things that invariably graced a wedding in our little town was to be omitted.

The fat proprietor of the Grand Hotel bowed to us with a hardly perceptible smile. We walked down the hallway, where busy servants stepped respectfully aside to let us pass. When we reached the door of the drawing-room, I stopped as usual until we should be invited to enter, but observed with shocked surprise that my companion proceeded down the passage toward the private chamber of Señorita Ema. Tomorrow he would be the master of the mansion, but I felt instinctively that he was now trespassing rudely on the courtesies of the situation.

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Like a flash the intuition shot through my mind that the man who advanced thus silent and unannounced was thereby putting a gulf between himself and Señorita de Eguilaz.

He stopped at the door of the chamber and said quietly: 'Ema.' I heard the sound of a quick movement, followed by the voice of my protectress, speaking with a nervousness I had never observed before: 'A moment, Reinaldo, a moment.'

The Licenciado turned back with visible irritation, but before he had taken more than a few steps in my direction Señorita Ema came out in her wedding dress, and the laughing faces of two girl friends appeared in the doorway behind her.

Señorita de Eguilaz was blushing like a rose, but her voice was again as sweet and gentle as ever as she said: 'You see, Reinaldo, I was trying on my wedding dress. Do you like it?'

Licenciado Reinaldo stammered some compliment, and we three went into the drawing-room. Señorita de Eguilaz sank down on a sofa, careless of wrinkling her lustrous white gown. I was the only one who knew at that moment that she was suffering a sort of mortal torture; for she had acquired the art of concealing her own feelings that she might give herself wholly to her afflicted charges. Smiling at her future husband she said: 'Be seated, Reinaldo.' I withdrew into my corner of the room, filled with the puerile vanity of the abnormal, and waited for Señorita de Eguilaz to apologize to me. I never thought of her sacrifice. Some way I expected her to pet me and ask my pardon. Señorita Ema had taught us neurasthenics to rely entirely upon her, and had always indulged our petty, morbid egoisms. I was like a child whose widowed mother is about to remarry. I wanted her to excuse herself for her desertion. But Señorita de Eguilaz seemed to have forgotten me, and I left the house with an air of offended dignity.

But the minute I reached the street I had to summon all my resolution not to break down completely and sob as children and neurasthenics do. As soon as I was alone, I did cry as if my heart would break.

They told me at home that my sister Quina had gone to our summer house in the village of San Martín. We two belonged to the 'little rich' of our village, and possessed an independent income. But I did not have the resolution to follow her. I still refused to believe that Señorita Ema was to marry. I wanted to see in order to convince myself.

And I did see. I saw Señorita Ema leave the church on the arm of Licenciado Reinaldo, her lawful husband before God and man. The Church had united them with indissoluble bonds. I have seldom, perhaps never, seen a handsomer-looking man than was Licenciado Reinaldo when he came out of the church with his white-gowned bride on his arm. His black coat set off his tall figure perfectly. His high silk hat looked remarkably well above his round, smooth-shaven countenance. His attire seemed to dignify and magnify him. His shirt bosom and his cravat were the whitest white I ever saw. It then flashed through my mind that although I invariably thought of Licenciado Reinaldo as a serpent, as a boa constrictor, I had never felt an aversion to him — possibly because Señorita Ema had taught me to love all of nature's creatures, and possibly because Licenciado Reinaldo was in my mind a perfect symbol of cunning and success, of the practical sanity that I myself so sadly lacked. Licenciado Reinaldo was the eternal serpent who had tempted woman — the eternal ser-

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pent of Bible story, who had brought her down from Heaven to earth.

I went home oppressed with a sense of insupportable fatigue, longing to hide myself in some place of retirement where, like Antæus, I might recover my strength by contact with the mother earth. So I followed my sister Quina — who was condemned, like myself, to a sterile and useless life — to our country place, that we might mourn together.

Our estate at San Martín consisted of a small farm, which we rented to a tenant, but we had reserved a delightful garden and garden house to which we retired whenever our town environment for any reason became insupportable. There we puttered about among our flower beds, vegetables, and fruit trees, finding alleviation for overwrought nerves in simple country tasks.

I spent the whole night in the garden, sitting under the orange trees and asking the stars what preincarnate or prenatal fault had condemned me to my present useless life. Dawn found me feverish and restless. I rose from the rustic bench, where sleep at the last moment had overtaken me, and started for a walk without any fixed destination — or perhaps unconsciously with a very certain one, for I took the road that passed the country home of Señorita de Eguilaz.

Her place lay beyond the hamlet, and when I passed the farthest houses the pungent smoke of the breakfast fires already hung pale and blue in the fragrant morning air. The sound of an approaching vehicle caused me to turn my head. It was the carriage of Señorita de Eguilaz. She herself was driving, still wearing her white wedding dress, and accompanied only by her aged nurse. No one else! I stared in bewilderment to see her driving thus in her white wedding dress with a single companion. The horse half shied at me as he passed, with a sort of friendly recognition, and a moment later the carriage stopped in front of the Eguilaz house. A little boy ran out and called to someone. The tenant hurried up and took the bridle. Señorita de Eguilaz sprang out and, seeing me approaching, stopped me with a tragic, detaining gesture of her little white hand. Then she hurried into the house, shutting the door violently behind her, and leaving me to assist the old nurse from the carriage.

I stood expecting some explanation, but all the old woman said was: 'Go away. Go away, my young friend, I beg you by the Holy Mother. We will ask you to call later. Don't kill the Señorita.'

'But what has happened?'

'What has happened? We have run away from that person.'

'I 'll not let him follow you.'

'Just go away. You are not needed. He will never come, I promise you. He will never see Señorita Ema again.'

And he has never seen her. Licenciado Reinaldo has never again spoken with his gentle, purring voice to Señorita de Eguilaz. For twenty years they have not met each other. For twenty years Señorita de Eguilaz has lived the most saintly life that I have ever known, alone in her village house with her son Salvador.

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TRAINING A BOXER

BY ERIC WULF

From *Berliner Tageblatt, March* 11
(LIBERAL DAILY)

A FIGHT to a finish between two pugilists grips the nerves of the spectators as does no other contest in the world of sport. Many sensitive people either refuse to witness such a spectacle or at least never repeat the experience. Noses are broken, teeth are battered out, and knuckles are shattered; blood flows, men are 'knocked out,' and not infrequently in the history of the sport a contestant's heart has failed to stand the strain and he has never risen from the floor. Every pugilist naturally enters the ring determined to win, but the best and the most intelligent of them by no means take unmixed pleasure in their profession, and as they grow older their mental distress before each public exhibition generally increases.

On the other hand, a prize fight unquestionably demands a coördination of mind, will, and body more perfect than in any other sport. Each contestant must recognize instantaneously the tactics and purposes of his opponent; he must accommodate himself in a fraction of a second to new situations; he must seize an advantage with the speed of lightning. Twenty minutes — perhaps ten or even five minutes — of supreme physical, mental, and moral effort, and the match is settled. But for weeks previously even a veteran pugilist has prepared himself presistently and unremittingly for these brief minutes.

In what does a champion's preparation consist? I recently determined to answer this question, and with that in view betook myself to the little town of Wolgast in Pomerania, where Kurt Prenzel had set up his training-quarters.

After a tedious journey, I reached the little country station late in the evening. The only men I discovered there were two mediæval night-watchmen who were patrolling with pikes and fire trumpets the dark and deserted street. All Wolgast that was not abed at 8 P.M. was attending the thirteenth anniversary of the local Tavern-Keepers' Association. That popular function was being held in the largest hall in the village, which might perhaps accommodate one hundred people, but was only moderately filled. In the midst of the company sat Prenzel, surrounded by his training associates, the centre of universal admiration. In the first place, he is a powerful-looking man; in the second, he wore clothes of the very latest city fashion; and third, he was drinking *Sekt!* Such a triple event was unparalleled and would be the topic of conversation for many days to come.

I soon left the hall with the hero of the evening and his companions, for a champion in training must keep early hours. Prenzel ordinarily retires at ten o'clock and sleeps in the winter time until 8 A.M. — ten hours' unbroken slumber. At twenty minutes after eight the next morning we gathered in a room reserved for us at the Hotel Zur Post. After a breakfast consisting of half a cup of bean coffee with milk and sugar, drunk slowly

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while standing up and strolling about, much as people sip a glass of the waters at Wiesbaden, we were ready, by half-past eight, for the 'morning's work.' The townspeople know the hour to the minute, just as they do the time when the milk wagon rounds the corner; and when we left the hotel curious heads were protruding from many a window.

The champion walked ahead, a couple of steps in advance of his two boxing partners and a handy man, and last of all came the trainer, in order to keep an eye on the party. All wore knee breeches, woolen sweaters, sporting-jackets, caps, and leather gloves. The latter are important, for a boxer always wears something on his hands. We had hardly passed the last houses of the village when conversation ceased abruptly, every man suddenly looked serious and businesslike, and the boxers, drawing a deep breath, began to make quick, thrusting passes in the air. This is shadow boxing, which is considered a very important feature of the training. It is a physical expression of intense mental concentration. Each man visualizes an opponent, sees him like a physical form, parries his blows, strikes at him with all his might, and dodges a vicious counter as alertly as if a real antagonist stood before him. Ten minutes of this sort of thing was followed by a sprint of three quarters of a mile to limber the legs and strengthen the wind.

Proper breathing, which few understand, is the very foundation of successful pugilism. Without it all other qualities come to naught. It is not right breathing to expand the chest with a sudden inhalation — the air must be drawn in evenly until it fills every pore and aperture of the lungs, and must be completely exhaled in the same unbroken rhythm. Breathing, and indeed all physical effort, must start from the diaphragm. This is the centre of strength. A person who has forgotten how to breathe properly, or has never mastered the knack, requires years of practice to do so spontaneously and without effort.

We jogged along for an hour cross-country, through thickets and over stone walls and fences. No one turned aside for a stream or puddle, and no one spoke a word.

As soon as we reached quarters again the trainer carried Prenzel off to his room like an anxious mother, stirred up the fire in the stove, and rubbed down his perspiring body with damp linen towels. Then he broke two fresh eggs — laid that very morning — into a glass, beat them up, and added a drop or two of the very best old port wine. When Prenzel had drunk this he declared that he was hungry and wanted breakfast. The latter consisted of two poached eggs on boiled ham, a slice of thickly buttered bread, cold fillet of beef, and, last of all, half a buttered roll. With this he drank hot milk. I shall not waste words trying to describe how excellent and how palatable that meal was. The plump hostess of the Hotel Zur Post was conscious of the weighty responsibility that rested upon her — all hostesses who are good cooks are fat and wear dazzling-white aprons. She scoured the country to get the very best meat procurable for the 'gentlemen pugilists,' and her milk and butter came from cows fed with hay instead of turnips, in order that they might contain plenty of vitamine A.

There was no more work that morning. Each one amused himself according to his taste — reading, writing letters, or strolling through the town. At one o'clock we all met again for our midday meal, and I noticed with some surprise that all of us already had voracious appetites. Soups are banned

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as unprofitable stomach-fillers. We proceeded directly to the only main course — roast beef and string beans, with a moderate portion of potatoes. For dessert we had a very sweet home-made compote. Sugar tones up the muscles and professional boxers ordinarily take it in combination with stewed fruit.

As soon as each finished his unusually large portion of rare roast beef and his moderate allowance of vegetables, he lay down for a siesta. We assembled promptly at three o'clock for the afternoon's work. Prenzel had erected a ring in the tower of an old city wall that now lies just outside the town in a clump of ivy-covered trees. The light and the winter sun flooded the place from every side. The boxers donned their ring attire, even rubber protectors for their teeth. Prenzel first worked with the bag for fifteen minutes. Under his short, sharp strokes the ball rattled against the wooden sounding-board like the cracking of a machine gun, interspersed now and then with bomblike explosions whenever he gave it a right or left swing. Punching the bag trains the eye. It is a critical test of quick vision, speedy reaction, and muscular control invariably to hit the bag as it dodges with incredible celerity from one point to another. During the fifteen minutes Prenzel did not score a single miss.

Then they shifted to regular boxing. After a few minutes' sparring with the lighter of his boxing partners, Prenzel put in some heavier work with his second massive companion. It was no child's play, as the big brown spots and abrasions that covered Prenzel's body testified. Before long an unparried head-blow made him spit blood. Perspiration was flowing from his opponent's body in streams when the trainer stopped the last round, but Prenzel was not even out of breath, and immediately started a series of Swedish gymnastics that began with lying prostrate on the floor with his arms under his head and rising erect five times in quick succession.

After a tepid bath, Prenzel was massaged. This massaging is one of the most important features of training, and is intended to make the muscles supple again after they have become cramped and stiff with intense exertion. As Prenzel lay upon the massaging-table his relaxed muscles were as soft as down cushions, but the moment he held them tense they felt like bundles of steel wire to the hand.

When the regular work of the afternoon was over, we walked into town and each ate a liberal portion of genuine home-made ice cream at the little candy-shop. At seven o'clock we gathered for supper at the Hotel. Each man was served a thick broiled beefsteak, with tartare sauce, and a glass of hot milk. There is an old controversy as to whether beef or mutton is the best for athletes. I have heard that the boat races between Oxford and Cambridge are also contests between two parties who swear respectively by beef and by mutton. Prenzel swears by beef.

After supper we played a few games of billiards, but as soon as it struck ten the trainer sent the champion off to bed. The two men sleep in the same room — in fact, the trainer hardly leaves his charge a moment. He not only orders and superintends his physical exercise and his eating, but sees to it sharply that he does not smoke or drink. His mind is kept constantly on the thought of winning. Indeed, it is a Spartan discipline. He is allowed no outside social diversions whatsoever. Luther's dictum about wine, women, and song means nothing during these four weeks of stern endurance. Prize-fighting is a hard, self-denying, Spartan profession.

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INSIDE THE FIGHTER'S MIND

BY JEAN PRÉVOST

[*M. Prévost, who must not be confused with the more famous older novelist of the same name, belongs to the modernistic school sometimes characterized in France by the simple initials 'NRF' of the* Nouvelle Revue Française, *their favorite organ. Wit, daring, and a love for exaggerated and often strained figures characterize the writers of this group, among whom are counted André Gide, Jules Romains, Paul Morand, and the late Marcel Proust.*]

From *La Nouvelle Revue Française, March* 1
(MODERNIST LITERARY MONTHLY)

As he got out of bed in the morning, Pierre said to himself that this was the day of the fight, and the first shock of the idea set his legs to shaking. To limber up he began to go through his favorite exercise: naked and with his eyes shut, he slowly rehearsed every attitude and every blow, enjoying the sensation of his curbed strength, calling up memories. His legs got back their swift and certain movements. A slight pain in the armpit under whichever arm he stretched showed the harshness with which he had been trained. Every part of his torso, whether extended as he lunged or bent as he dodged, warmed his heart again. The thought of all the blows that he knew brought back ease and verve to his body.

What they call shadow boxing does more than increase speed and make the various blows and parries instinctive. Almost always it fills a man with fanciful pride, with that indispensable excess of confidence for which trainers and records and fetishes are not enough. Pierre underwent this illusion like anyone else, but because each day he felt his muscles with a keener curiosity he thought himself intelligent and superior to the rest. He dressed, ate breakfast, talked a little, and waited without uneasiness. For the moment his opponent was only a vague name which he had half forgotten.

As he went to the prize ring he encountered the name, written above his own on the posters, in letters that seemed a little too square, and he even thought he could read it in a druggist's show-window. For an athlete in training fear no longer hampers the movements, but the viscera are not so easily purged of cowardice. Pierre felt his stomach contracting and began to whistle through his teeth like a man who feels a kind of contempt for himself. He plucked up his courage as best he might and hurried on.

First on the platform, he sat looking at his feet, uneasy because he had to stay motionless and feel himself stared at from behind. He was glad to see his opponent climb up to divide the curiosity of the crowd. They threw off their robes. A big man in a black coat made an announcement from a platform. A clasp of indifferent hands. The two men looked at each other — a fine moment.

As two fists squared opposite him, Pierre became acutely conscious of his whole body and felt less sure of his equilibrium when confronted by this stocky fighter who would certainly have the best of it in the clinches. As they shook hands — rather high — two

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muscles on his opponent's breast deepened their shadow, his biceps knotted into round humps, and Pierre observed with contempt that he had been training with dumbbells. Yet, for all that, he recognized the man's power of resistance — less in his sunbrowned skin than in the heavy jaws and overhanging brows. At each contraction his muscles rippled along their length in sharp and sinuous lines, like those of a fencer. Flexible about the waist, his firm and supple build was continued by a straight back and short, muscular neck on which the head was as quick and movable as the hand on the wrist, and in the way he shook it you felt the lean and furious wild beast underneath.

The gong struck and seemed to resound deep within them. They started toward one another, their fists held out a little too far, each with one quick foot in advance, and stopped. They squared off. The fear of taking the first chance, an immense desire to be motionless, held them back, but the eyes of the public, the necessity to fight, pushed them on. For a moment or two the shackles were the stronger and each felt himself mastered by the other. Moments of observation, quite involuntary, in which the eye, in spite of itself, follows all the opponent's gestures, which the body mechanically repeats and exaggerates. Awkwardly, continually, these movements increase until at length the guard is open and the adversary, less timid, strikes out at random.

Hit on the right breast, Pierre feels his heart leap joyously within him. His breast, which has long been too tense with excitement, laughs like a cask with the bung out. The boxer leaps back, dodges a second blow, and returns it. The charm is broken. Quite at his ease again, he feels his two fists, which had such patient training, harden and yearn for the offensive.

There is a minute's rest between rounds, which they can hardly bear, and then the two men are at each other again, and his enemy is striking eagerly at Pierre. Alert and nonchalant, Pierre feels in each of his muscles that tingling by which they declare themselves ready for swift work. He measures the distance, dodges, stops. Perhaps he does not wish to finish the fight at this moment. It is before he begins to sweat and pant that a fighter can really box and show his mettle. He bends beneath the blows of an attack, clinches, with his head to his adversary's shoulder, and takes two short, sharp jabs. The adversary pushes against him. Pierre springs back a little from the line of attack and catches him fairly on the nose, so true and so exact a blow that he does not follow up his advantage but stands back as if to enjoy it. The gong sounds and the man withdraws to bleed in his own corner.

As our boxer, about to sit down, glanced again at his handiwork with innocent joy he saw among the spectators a red-faced old woman looking delightedly at the blood. He felt a sudden nausea and grew sullen: 'It won't be long before my nose will be bleeding, too. I wish the trainer would stop whispering in my ear. I've leaned too far back, this square table hurts. I'll never finish. With all the fight still to go, I'll wear out fast.'

As in a meadow beneath hurrying, broken clouds, so during a fight there are swift changes in the warmth and color of the fighter's thoughts, and even though the full sunlight is always imminent it gives no pleasure.

At the beginning of the next round, his adversary found Pierre on the defensive, with his guard raised and balancing backward. He dodged more than once, but speedily had his left ear deafened. With the other he heard his trainer cry out and decided that the

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blow must have been a bad one. He tried to dodge to the left from some swift, light blows. He succeeded in cracking the lips of his opponent and swelling them up, but still the man came feverishly on to the attack. They had thrown science to the winds and were hitting wildly. Well-planned schemes of attack and defense are rarer than people think. Only from time to time does thought guide the boxer.

There was nothing more left in them; they were no longer more than a spectacle. Fatigue brutalized their faces, their gloves, spotted with blood, left stains where they struck. Yet the bestial appearance of the fight was contradicted still by their obedience to the rules and their instinct for the laws of their art. They seemed deaf, and yet the referee's order would stop a clinch in an instant.

One, two parries without hope but without a blunder. Then Pierre had a vacant feeling like that of a man who is overwhelmed and forgets his misery. The relapse was sudden. Four blows crashed on his sides and almost smashed them. A heavier blow on his right flank and he bent from the top down like a stalk of oats and brought up on the rope with a gentle sigh.

All the animal in him raged and longed for the canvas, but inside his brain a little, proud human voice, dominating that disorder, bade him stand up. No sooner was he up than the gong clanged again. The pain of a blow on his liver persisted and seemed to get worse. For a long time Pierre resisted mechanically, putting all his force into machinelike blows which sometimes gave him shocks that he had not expected. The spectators were getting tired. Only to a few of them did he still seem a fine fighter with his fixed eyes looking impudently out upon defeat and with his head twitching because it reeled with so many pains.

Nevertheless, his adversary too was using himself up against this sorry creature without succeeding in knocking him out. He too was failing. Defective training or bad care? This blond and sunburned fellow felt himself stung by a painful sweat, and his speed slackened moment by moment. This kind of fatigue is the worst for a boxer, for it makes him blink, lower his head, and rush like a bull. At the end of one encounter, which he never hoped to finish, Pierre had the feeling that a miracle had been accomplished, and thought he might complete the miracle himself. The human body is full of surprises, and when we think all our strength exhausted it supplies us with new strength we knew nothing about.

The pugilist turned upon his man in a new attack. At every nerve-ending he felt something like the burning of an icicle. His gloves seemed like lead, but the joy of combat rose in him, and his joy mastered his pain. His mouth was smashed and broken, but his lust to win was still fresh. He ducked under two brandished fists and clinched.

For the spectators also the fight was becoming better, because more easily seen, as it slowed down. The blows and parries of the fighters seemed smoothed and softened, like an air played on the flute. Their fists went slower, but through the armor of wearying muscles they penetrated to something that hurt. Each blow made the man shiver almost to his knees.

It is not a cruel instinct, but rather a just sense of the beauty of pugilism, which admires the skill and art of the assailant as displayed upon the victim. As Pierre finished the combat, he kept the spectators following him so intently that at each of his blows they moved their own hands. Deceiving his fists, which could scarcely move, he sprang in, low and close, and tightened himself for a blow beneath the opponent's

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chin. His fist missed the jaw, but struck the nose from below — not a terrible blow, but a painful one which brings the tears. His adversary turned his head, and with the gesture his muscles relaxed ever so slightly. Pierre's shoulders whirled and his left fist sank home as if into a pillow. The man turned a little, trembled, opened his mouth, and bent on one side, then sank in a disheveled heap like a sack badly filled.

In the two seconds while the referee counted, Pierre heard his heart beat four or five times. He was exhausted, strangling with fear: 'If he gets up, he will send me to the earth with his first blow. No, they 're crying "It 's over!" I win. Pick him up.'

He began to tremble. Somebody touched him on the shoulder. They began to take his gloves off. As he went to shake hands with his adversary he looked for the first time at that face — which was still without light — as though it were the face of any ordinary man. He saw that it was a little thin, but kindly and decent. He thought he would like to have him for a friend and pressed his hand with a cordiality that the other never perceived.

He ducked under the ropes, and went to dress. He hurried to his quarters uneasily. He was getting cold and felt like a puppet which the wire still holds together, but which is soon going to fall apart. His goal was his bath where the water would burn him, close about him, touch his skin. He took a slow breath and found peace.

The satisfaction of victory was too keen a sentiment to enjoy all at once. Nevertheless, the pain of his effort and his blows was still there, dull, as if muffled by the density of the water. His breathing lifted his chest and plunged it back again with the regularity of the tide. As if in a dream Pierre was conscious of various pains, far off like rippling water, quite foreign to himself, and he was aware of obscure sensations, scattered, which seemed to float in his bath as the jellyfish float in the sea.

HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL AT FIFTY

BY ERWIN H. RAINHALTER

From *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung, February* 1
(Berlin Daily, Hugo Stinnes Press)

Through the dazzling reception-room of Schloss Leopoldskron at Salzburg, filled with a distinguished company, strides a gentleman of no great stature, with a face that might be called mild and gentle, although the aquiline nose and little moustache indicate keen alertness. His supple slender body has an elegant elasticity, and the evening clothes that he wears bear the sign-manual of breeding in their unostentatious perfection.

This gentleman is, like all the others present, a guest of Max Reinhardt, the master of the house. Yet he is evidently the object of especial attention. He emerges from the throng, people give way to him, hang upon his words. He is the focus of interest, and indeed, it would be hard to say who in these

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modern days at Salzburg has a better claim to attention, for this is the dramatist, Hugo von Hofmannsthal, to whose modern miracle play, *Das grosse Welttheater*, — which is playing every evening on the temporary stage in the big church, — the great public streams.

He and Max Reinhardt are the men of the day. They have in their minds some remarkably fine plans. They intend to create an artistic centre for the people, and they wish also to set the theatre to work again in the place from which it came: in front of the church, in the church, before all the people. Unfortunately, 'the people' just at present consist chiefly of rich Americans and wealthy people from all over Europe.

But this Hofmannsthal, the man you see in Salzburg, this gentleman with the graying hair, can he really be the poet? His appearance is extraordinarily unlike the anticipations that one had of him, and if the calendar did not bear testimony to his fifty years, we should not at the first glance believe it. Even now the sweet, melancholy, fascinating words with which he spoke to us in his early poems and his little plays still ring in our ears; and the picture of the young man who fashioned these choice bits of jewelry in words is still before us — a consummate writer already, despite his eighteen or nineteen years, although he had not known the struggle and the joy that precede maturity. He surprised and took by storm all that came in contact with him or with his work, — Hermann Bahr has testified to it, — but the admirable thing was that this success was not due to sensational methods, but that grace, emotion, the gentle melancholy of a spring evening took possession of us.

The young poet concealed himself behind masks. The world knew him only as 'Theophil Morren' and as 'Loris.' That the pseudonymous 'Loris' has remained the victor till to-day, that he has borne off the palms of Hugo von Hofmannsthal, that he has attained the rank and position of a poet — all this does not prevent Hofmannsthal himself from being a genuine writer of tragedy. The work of Hofmannsthal has steadily grown, and just as in his earliest days he overcame with his alluring magic all who knew him, so in his later days he has won the whole world, and the parquets of two hemispheres have loudly applauded him. But this later work had no more inner emotion, was no more chaste, than the work that had gone before. The qualities of purity and clarity hovered about the youth who wrote *Der Tod des Tizian* and the wonderful poem of *Der Tor und der Tod*, and the delicate *terza rima*.

It is hardly necessary to discuss the literary conditions to which Hofmannsthal owes the fact that people celebrated him, on his first appearance, as a liberator, and that he caused more stir than his verses quite deserved. The enthusiasm was so strong that misgivings arose. 'A mind that is, perhaps, producing works greater than itself,' was Hermann Bahr's judgment.

Hofmannsthal emerged from the circle, '*Blätter für die Kunst*,' and the tendencies that these writers affected were also his. They were in the air, they determined the whole movement of the time, and they affected him, gave him his profile, and lent his work that strength which was not in his own make-up. Weary of the hovels of the poor, weary of the consequential — oh, so consequential! — naturalistic school, weary of the low forms of speech, of uncompromising emotion, weary of an art that had no nuances, knew no degrees, no mystery, nothing veiled, men gave a great breath of relief when someone at last appeared who was devoted to beauty for its own sake, who loved color and magnificence, and who

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wrought in words as if they were precious jewels.

There was something noble about the first appearance of this youngster. He was the poetic son of a patrician family, and in the hasty reaction against the most recent literary past, he was raised on the shield. People submitted without a struggle to his magic.

It was his tragedy that to his first perfections he had not much to add later that was worthy of a place beside them. When he reached the very summit, he had no weary climb, no maturity, no struggle behind him; and when after his first astounding success his true development began, it seemed as if he no longer bore the guiding star within himself, as if he no longer saw his goal before him. The almost somnambulistic instinct of youth led to lofty aspirations the fruits of which were no longer so easily won as at first. Worst of all, his earlier melodies sounded no more. His first riches were spent and new ones came to him only haltingly. 'Loris' was a mature poet in his own right. Hugo von Hofmannsthal was a poet in quest of himself, and this quest sometimes degenerated into mere experiment.

Is it not significant that he almost ceased to write 'out of himself,' turning instead to pictures from national tradition; that he sought a mirror of himself in stories from abroad — not always to the best effect; that he sank his individuality in the cultures of other nations, though not quite as he had done in his youth when these borrowings from abroad had been either mere frames for originality or else impulses to soar.

The *Elektra* and the *Œdipus*, *Das Gerettete Venedig*, *Jedermann*, and *Das grosse Welttheater* were stages in this progress; and if one wishes to be strict in the demands which it is only fair to make upon a man of Hofmannsthal's literary stature, then it is just to say that only once again did he reach the heights: in *Jedermann*, in the old story of the rich man, where he did, in truth, give the subject all its hidden beauty, its depth, simplicity, and piety.

The extraordinary fact is that Hofmannsthal achieved greater victories, shriller successes than 'Loris' had accomplished in his time. An international public saw in him its own poet; the Salzburg festival — linked with his name and Max Reinhardt's — became, not altogether to its advantage, more and more an opportunity for the plutocracy of two hemispheres.

Now, at length, a third Hofmannsthal is emerging: the man who has discovered, with a tender and suddenly awakened love, his allegiance to the home land and to her traditions; the poet who, after belonging to the world, now bethinks himself of Austria. To this transformation his later prose writings abundantly testify. They find their most obvious artistic expression in the comedies that he has given us; and this devotion to Austria seems to conceal possibilities for Hofmannsthal's art that he at first valued too lightly. His development is proceeding in a new course, and the richness of his taste and his high capacities may, when united with the love of his own people, produce once more a soaring, laughing type of comedy, full of significance, that may be for him and for us as compelling as *Der Tor und der Tod* was in the days of his youth.

Not every author can one greet at fifty with such a hope.

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A SPIRITUALIST OF THE SECOND EMPIRE

BY PRINCESS PAULINE DE METTERNICH

[Figaro *prints an excerpt from the forthcoming book of the lady whose* jolie laideur *was one of the attractions of the Court of Napoleon III. The Daniel Dunglas Home to whom she refers will be remembered as the medium whose séances the Brownings attended and who is supposed to have been the original of Browning's 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium.'*]

From *Figaro, February 2*
(French Radical Daily)

I shall describe the séance at Mme. Jauvin d'Attainville's. The apartment was very large, commodious, richly furnished, and lighted *a giorno*. I emphasize this fact, and may add that lamps and chandeliers were lighted throughout the whole séance. Nothing could escape our eyes. There were about fifteen of us. When we arrived, about a quarter past nine, Mme. Jauvin seemed somewhat disturbed. She smiled — thereby betraying her uneasiness, alas — and said that perhaps the spirits would not respond to the appeal either of their comrade or of their earthly friend. Half-credulous, nervous, ironic, disturbed because she had consented to receive the celebrated medium in her home, she went on chatting in that tone, when suddenly the door opened and by the side of Prince Murat we saw the mysterious hero of the occasion, Dunglas Home, who had kept us waiting so long and who inspired both uneasiness and positive fear. Prince Murat presented him to Mme. Jauvin and to us and I could examine him at my leisure.

He may have been about thirty-six years old, or forty at most, thin and well built, wearing evening clothes and a wide tie. He might have passed for a man of the best society. An expression of gentle melancholy gave his face a sympathetic expression. He was very pale, with clear eyes of porcelain blue, a dull, rather veiled glance, with thick hair verging on red and of rational length — nothing to suggest the coiffure of a pianist or a violinist: in short, a very agreeable appearance. Nothing striking about him except the color of his skin, which was explicable by the reddish color of his hair and moustache. The features of Dunglas Home recalled a portrait by Van Dyck in the Lichtenstein Gallery in Vienna — of Wallenstein, if I am not mistaken.

We made ready. Everyone seated himself according to taste about a round, cloth-covered table. Nothing had been prepared. This table, about which the family ordinarily sat, remained in its usual place. Some were sitting close against the table, others at a certain distance — each to suit himself. Dunglas Home sat down in an armchair three or four metres away. Any contact between him and the big table was quite impossible. In a slightly muffled tone he said: —

'I don't know whether *they* are here already. I don't know whether *they* will come.'

These words set the ladies trembling. '*They!* Ah! Oh! *They!* The spirits!' Home threw back his head in the armchair and closed his eyes. He grew paler and paler.

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'The trance is beginning,' whispered Prince Murat.

Suddenly Home called an English name: 'Bryan! Bryan! Are you here?' At the same moment, from the direction of the table came two knocks — short, sharp, very close together, and in such a peculiar rhythm that I seem to hear them still.

'Bryan almost always comes when I call him. He was my best friend.'

At the same moment the crystal pendants of the chandeliers stirred. From the other end of the room, as if by an irresistible force, came a chair which paused before us. Home remained motionless in his armchair. Suddenly he cried: —

'They have come! They are all around us! They will manifest their presence and each of you will be able to convince himself.'

At this moment I felt an iron hand grasp my ankle and cried out. Others felt the contact of this iron hand on the back of the neck or on the arm. The grasp did no harm whatever. You simply felt the pressure of the fingers — I might almost say of each finger separately — and you would have to experience this sensation to form any idea of it. Slowly, the cloth on the table rose and we saw something below it stretching out toward us, which looked like hands beneath a cloth. I drew back instinctively. The gentlemen, especially my husband, grasped these hands and squeezed them vigorously to keep them from getting away. But in spite of their efforts, one after another saw the object melt between their fingers, whereupon they hastened to lift the tablecloth to make sure that they were not victims of some swindler's trick. They searched in vain, for they found nothing. Some even slipped under the table to mount guard. Home watched them, without moving and with indifference.

At the end of several minutes these gentlemen reappeared and resumed their places. Scarcely were they seated when raps at brief intervals came from beneath the table — I say, specifically, 'came from beneath the table,' for that was the impression received. You might have thought that they were struck by someone hidden underneath; and my husband, unable to contain himself, declared that he wanted to sit under the table to see how these strokes were produced from below. No sooner was he seated there than he cried out: —

'Oh, don't rap on top, please! Let 's have no joking.'

We replied that none of us had moved and that we had heard the strokes come from below, just as before.

For a moment no one had a word to say. No one knew what to think. My husband came out from his hiding-place and the experiments went on. Suddenly Home, pale as a sheet, cried: —

'The spirits are all around us! One is close to you. You shall feel him like a light breath.'

And one after another of us did have the sensation of a light breeze and breath that touched our shoulders and our hair. The gentlemen whose skepticism was absolute were obliged to admit that they, as well as the women, had felt it.

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A REFUGEE IN MOROCCO

BY COMMANDANT GEORGES ASSOLLANT

From *La Revue Bleue, March* 1
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

MORE than forty years ago — in the month of March, 1881, to be exact — an old man, known to Moroccans as 'the Engineer of Abd-er-Rahman,' was buried at the gate of Fez in the cemetery of Marabout Sidi ben Beker el Arabi. Who was this mysterious personage whose origin was known only to the oldest people in Morocco?

With the French troops who landed in Algiers in 1830 there were two brothers, the older a lieutenant of engineers, the younger a naval officer, who was drowned shortly after our occupation of Algiers. The city speedily became a French garrison of a very fashionable sort. Officers were permitted to bring their families and life went on very gayly amid innumerable receptions. The young officer of engineers, Count Joseph de X——, who who came from the north of France and was a man of striking distinction and intelligence, well known in every salon, fell in love with the wife of a superior officer, and in 1832 carried her off to Tunis, which at that time was the refuge of pirates and deserters. Soon after their flight the lady died, and the officer-deserter found himself at twenty-five heir to a name which he could not use, and unable to return either to France or to Algeria.

Since he knew the Arab language, he thought of joining a caravan of Moroccans who were on their way back from a pilgrimage to Mecca, and of returning with them to their country, but fearing that his traveling companions might hand him over to the French authorities on their way through Algeria he went by sea to Laraish, where he offered his services to the Governor of Gharb, Abd el Selam ben Auda, who placed him in charge of the construction of roads. His technical knowledge and industry immediately attracted attention and he caught the eye of the Sultan, Muley Abd-er-Rahman, who placed him on his own staff. Thus it was that he received the name of 'the Engineer of Abd-er-Rahman' by which he was known until his death.

He became a Mussulman, and married two Moroccan girls of noble family, one of them the daughter of Kaid Mahdjoub, the Watcher of the Gates of Marakesh, by whom he had a son in 1860. No one to-day knows what has become of this boy. All that is certain is that he spoke no French and that he was an official of the Sultans Muley Mohammed and Hassan. If he is still alive, he must be a man of some sixty years whom it might be interesting to meet.

The 'Engineer' became chief of artillery and engineering in Morocco. In the report of a French mission which was sent to Fez in 1877, and to which we shall refer presently, surprise is expressed at the Sultan's interest in artillery, and the report adds: 'He is said to have a special master of artillery.'

But the fugitive's heart remained French. On the eve of the battle of Isly he did everything in his power to prevent fighting against France and tried to make the Moroccans understand the superiority of our forces,

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urging a Franco-Moroccan alliance. He might have succeeded in convincing the Sultan, but the fanatics overcame the solitary voice of the Frenchman and he was almost slaughtered. After the French victory his influence increased, for the Sultan, in his regret at having failed to heed his advice, held him in higher and higher esteem, and even presented him with a superb palace at Marakesh. At this period an event occurred which history has forgotten but the consequences of which were incalculable. In 1846, Abd-el-Kader took refuge in Morocco. All the malcontents, all the warlike and turbulent elements of the country, gathered around him and offered to take him to Fez and proclaim him emperor of Morocco. Accepting the offer, the Emir marched on the holy city at the head of a large force of horsemen. He came very near succeeding, and it was thanks to the 'Engineer of Abd-er-Rahman' that the revolution was quashed. Abd-el-Kader met the Moroccan army in front of Fez, commanded by the eldest son of the Sultan, who was accompanied by the former French officer in charge of artillery. Through spies in the camp of the Emir, he learned that Abd-el-Kader intended a night attack in which camels laden with resinous wood would be turned loose to burn the tents and throw the Sultan's army into confusion, after which Abd-el-Kader and his horsemen would easily have the best of it. The 'Engineer' dug trenches (already!) around the Moroccan army, leaving only a single narrow opening on the road to Tangiers, trained his guns, and awaited the attack.

Everything happened as had been foreseen. In the night, part of the camels fell into the trenches. Others, terrified by the Moroccan artillery fire, fled back toward the camp of the Emir, where they carried fire and panic instead of into the Moroccan camp. Abd-el-Kader's horsemen fled, pursued by those of the Sultan, who rode out over the single passage left on the road. In this combat Abd-el-Kader lost his best troops and, being abandoned by his partisans and understanding that further resistance was impossible, realizing that he was caught between two victorious enemies, he went back to Algiers and surrendered to Lamoricière.

Did the French general know that he owed the Emir's surrender to a fellow countryman who was a refugee in Morocco? Probably not, and yet this adventure is one of those things that we may call 'the imponderables of history.' . . .

After the Sultan's death, his son, Muley Mohammed, continued to heap the French refugee with benefits. He kept the Frenchman near him, protected him against those who envied him, and confided the chief engineering works of the country to his care. It is to the Comte de X—— that we owe the bridges, canals, and fortifications to whose existence in Morocco our officers have testified, and among other things the walls that protect the Imperial Palace of Fez. A third Sultan, Muley Hassan, showed him the same affection and respect that his father and grandfather had shown. . . .

On April 7, 1877, a French mission was presented to the Sultan by M. de Vernouillet, the French Minister at Tangiers. The aged lieutenant, Comte Joseph de X——, then sixty-nine years old, beheld his fellow countrymen for the first time since his flight, and those who were present have since described the emotion that they felt when they saw this unknown old man unable to restrain his tears as he saw once more the uniform that he had himself once worn.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

MORNING AND MIDNIGHT

BY J. D. C. PELLOW

[*Parentalia*]

This is the night,
And no stars shine.
Do I need their light
When my love is mine?

The rain falls,
But I care naught.
My heart to me calls:
We have found that we sought.

We have found a gate
That opens out
From the tower of Fate,
And the walls of Doubt.

Mine eyes shine
And my heart stirs,
For my love is mine
And I am hers.

And I walk on light
And drunken feet,
So fair is the night,
The air so sweet.

O Sun, down under
The sea's deep ways,
For this great wonder
I give thee praise.

PEACOCK

BY ELISABETH S. FLEMING

[*Poetry*]

If I 'd a name like Peacock's
I 'd wear a suit of blue
With silver, shining shadows
And diamonds like dew;
My cap would be be-feathered,
My shoon would be be-spurred,
And I would strut as proudly
As that great fine bird.

A sober man is Peacock
And dressed in dusty gray,
His face is like the brown earth
He treads on every day;
But viewing Nature's changes
As seasons come and go
Perchance his thoughts like peacocks
Shimmer to and fro —

Swift showers, shining sunsets,
And harvests sown and reaped,
And straw stacks big and golden,
And gaudy mangolds heaped,
And mist above dim pastures,
And cottage lamps like stars,
And gardens wearing colors
Like Eastern bazaars.

Some nights in misty weather
The moon hangs in a sky
The blue of peacock's feathers,
Herself the shining eye —
Though Peacock views this wonder
Apparently unstirred
Perchance his heart is swelling
Like that great fine bird.

THE WEATHER-VANE

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*English Review*]

O steeple-cock, stoop down to me
And tell me what you see afar!
A sail that flickers on the sea
No bigger than a star.

O make your fledge a beacon, fowl,
And let your wings be lanterns both!
Afar I see the tempest scowl,
And all the waves are wroth.

Look well again, good steeple-cock,
And can you see her lantern-spark?
Nay, now she runs upon a rock,
And founders in the dark.

O steeple-cock, say one is saved,
One only lad that shall not drown!
I saw a sudden hand that waved
But once, and then went down.

Fly, steeple-cock, with my true pledge,
And say I love him, ere he die!
Too heavy is my golden fledge,
Good lass! I cannot fly.

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IF THE LOUVRE SHOULD BURN

'SUPPOSE the Musée du Louvre should catch fire?' inquired M. A. Paluel-Marmont, a reporter from *L'Écho de Paris*, of Colonel Hivert of the Paris fire department, thereby stirring the fire-fighter to some disquieting reflections.

'The main question at the Louvre,' said he, 'is to keep fire from breaking out at all. If there should be a fire some day, it would find fuel favoring a rapid spread among the wood floors and paneling, beams and pictures and tapestries. No matter how quickly we firemen intervened, we should certainly find ourselves faced with a bad blaze.

'A fire in the Louvre, whether inside or outside, would be very hard to fight because of the great height of the buildings. The twenty-four nineteen-metre ladders which my regiment possesses would not be able to get at a fire in the upper stories. On the other hand, the two thirty-metre ladders — and we are soon to have three of them — would enable us to reach the top floor in most parts of the Palace. There are, however, some places that would always be inaccessible. The Pavillon Sully, for example, is forty-six metres high.

'As it is always essential to get above the fire, we should have to reach the roof from the inside, where the difficulties would be no less on account of the intense smoke, the almost total darkness, and the complexity of the halls. Moreover, it would not be enough to find the fire. We should have to take hose up by hand and get them in place. The distance would be great and the operation would take time, and a good deal of it.'

'How long?' asked the interviewer.

'I cannot give you the definite number of minutes.'

'About a quarter of an hour?' persisted the interviewer.

'Yes — oh yes,' said the Colonel, and his interlocutor went away pondering on the losses that France and the world might suffer in those fifteen minutes. In his article he demands increase of water pressure and the development of fire-fighting appliances inside the building, as well as certain changes in the lighting.

*

THE ABUSED WORD 'BOURGEOIS'

A FEW days ago Mr. Baldwin caused amusement in Parliament by his comment on the current Socialist use of the word 'bourgeois' as an invective, a custom which the late Prime Minister explained by the common human tendency to seek terms of abuse beginning with the letter *b*. Why the apparently innocent second letter of the alphabet should be the ideal initial of fury, it would be hard to explain. Mr. Baldwin, however, has provided a text for Professor Ernest Weekley, the author of *An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English*, who once again lives up to his reputation of being 'the most entertaining of living word-mongers' — a phrase from an English paper which the learned lexicographer gravely includes in his dictionary as an illustration of the word 'monger.'

Professor Weekley points out that, far from being a sinister or a comic figure, the original bourgeois was a distinctly admirable person. The 'Bourgeois de Calais,' whom Rodin sculptured, were no contemptible figures in history, and neither were the burgesses of London. How has this fine

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old word come to its pitiable modern use among 'those advanced thinkers who borrow their political vocabulary from Moscow'?

The first step was taken in France during the seventeenth century when the nobility, dancing attendance on the King, began to look with contempt on the simple and honest qualities for which the word 'bourgeois' stood. By the time the Revolution came along, the word had so far lost caste that it could not stand against *citoyen* — which meant exactly the same thing — when the ardent democrats sought the name to replace the now opprobrious name *sujet*. If the revolutionists had stopped to be logical — which revolutionists do no more frequently than the rest of us — they would have seen that they should have befriended rather than condemned the word which the nobility had so despised. During the nineteenth century the word took another tumble, when the Bohemian writers found their chief target in the bourgeoisie whom they delighted to *épater*. Finally it was added to the 'class-conscious' vocabulary of advanced Socialistic circles — and this in spite of the fact that the early bourgeois were the sturdy fellows that first threw off the feudal yoke.

⁂

ANATOLE FRANCE ON THE FIXITY OF THINGS

ANATOLE FRANCE declines to despair — or rather he declines to believe that the world is going to smash, which from his point of view may not be quite the same thing. Writing in *Les Annales*, the sage old cynic insists that all the talk about change which we hear nowadays is grossly exaggerated: —

'As I walked in the street this morning I saw a house in process of building and masons heaving up stones like the slaves of Thebes and Nineveh. I saw a bride, a bridegroom, and their guests coming out of church on their way to their wedding breakfast; they accomplished as a matter of course the many secular rites. I met a poet who recited to me his verses, which he thought immortal; and in the meantime riders passed wearing a casque, the helmet of the legionaries and of the hoplites, the brass helmet of the Homeric warriors, from which still hung, to terrify the enemy, the moving mane that so frightened the child Astyanax in the arms of the nurse. These riders were *Gardes Républicains*.

'Watching them, and thinking, too, that the Paris bakers still baked their bread in ovens as in Abraham's time, I whispered the words of the Book: "There is no new thing under the sun." And I was no longer surprised at being subject to civil laws which were already old when Cæsar Justinian compiled them into a venerable whole.'

⁂

CENSORSHIP IN GERMANY

CENSORSHIP of the arts is not so exclusively a product of American 'Puritanism' — mysterious word which none of its critics condescend to define! — as a small but clamorous group of American writers try to make out. In Germany, particularly, as the elections draw near, with their expected swing to the Right, the censorship has been strengthening. A little while ago George Gross lost the case that had been brought against him and the publisher of his book of drawings, *Ecce Homo*. The production of Ernst Toller's *Hinkermann* in Dresden was a public scandal. In Berlin Hermann Esseg's *Ueberteufel* (The Super-Devil) was quietly suppressed without any fuss and feathers on the part of the public, and the city officials of Hamburg are now being publicly accused of having a whole edition of Dostoevskii reduced

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to pulp on the ground that it was 'dangerous.'

This sort of thing was not unknown in the old days in Germany. Gerhart Hauptmann, for example, found himself in difficulties after the production of his first play, *Vor Sonnenaufgang*. But in these republican days it is bitterly resented by foes of the censorship who insist that the Republic promised freedom in art and has gone back on its word. If the Nationalists come to power in the Reichstag, an increased strictness is expected.

❋

BANISHING A SPANISH SCHOLAR

THE thunderstorm that the Spanish Directory has drawn about its ears — particularly in the press of other Latin countries, which, so far at least as Spanish affairs are concerned, is uncensored — by banishing Miguel de Unamuno for criticism of the Government, rumbles loudly in an indignant article in *La Tribuna*, of Rome.

'Rector and Professor of Greek at the University of Salamanca,' says the Italian paper, 'Unamuno had become no less than an institution in that city — in fact, one of the noblest institutions of modern Spain. His life and thought were influenced by the highest ideals. Now the Spanish Government has closed the leading intellectual academy of the country and inflicted a punishment that is likely to prove fatal upon the noblest and most admired representative of Iberian thought.

'The measure cannot help but seem excessive. In the first place, if anything was ever achieved that could put Spain upon the cultural level of the foremost nations, it was the work of those who founded the Ateneo — the *Junta para ampliacion de estudios*. Unamuno used to say: "I am not one of these *frondeurs* in a vacuum. I am a university professor and a humanist who wants to do a work of culture on the dawn of a new era."

'Quietly but indefatigably, these workers have renovated a great deal in a field where innovation was needed in everything. Miguel de Unamuno was the pioneer and the apostle of that work of regeneration of the Spanish universities from which the regeneration of the Iberic people is expected to come. These plans and ideals he laid down in his essay, *De la enseñanza superior en España*, published in 1899. "Renovate or die" was his principle.

'Unamuno is first of all a traditionalist. He has a fundamental feeling for his race, its continuity and its ideal expansion. Fidelity to these ideals is something so deeply seated in the Spanish mind that it has a special, untranslatable word to designate it: *casticismo*. Now, *In torno al casticismo* is the title of a book by Unamuno where the Castilian soul and the Iberic tradition are represented in their different aspects. His masterpiece, however, is the commentary to *Don Quijote*, bearing the same title. It is not the work of a scholar, but of an apostle; not a thesis but a faith is defended in it. Don Quijote is to Unamuno a hero — a veritable hero in the intimate, the deepest, and also the sorrowful sense of the word; he is the expression of a heroism without glory and without good luck, the heroism of ignored spirits who shun publicity and combat convention, meanness, egoism, and vulgarity.

'"He is to be pitied from whom thy story, O knight, extracts no tear. . . . The pinnacle of our national heroism has been disguised under a joking story. But this story is also the chief comfort of those who defy convention and pusillanimous prudence!" For forty years Unamuno's efforts have been devoted to shortening the distance between Don

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Quijote and the world that ignored him and laughed at him.'

✻

AN ESKIMO OPERA IN BRUSSELS

THE Norwegian composer, Haakon Borresen, is in Brussels supervising rehearsals of his Eskimo opera, *Kaddara*, which was produced at the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen three years ago and reviewed in the *Living Age* at that time. The Brussels production will be given at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, where the opera will probably have a better chance than at Copenhagen, where the same theatre is used for both drama and opera and where, as a result, musical works are granted but two days a week.

The French translation is by M. Paul Spaak, who exercised the greatest pains to adapt the new libretto to the music.

Chatting with an interviewer from the *Indépendance Belge*, M. Borresen asserted that French influence is paramount to-day in musical Denmark. 'For a long time during the last century Mendelssohn was in high favor. Then came the Wagnerian period, when Wagner dominated almost everything, until at last we escaped from his grip. In this movement such musicians as Grieg and Sibelius were very helpful. They showed us how much misunderstood greatness there is in our own melodies and the old popular airs. We have a very fine folklore, and you see how much M. Norman-Hansen has been able to get out of the customs of the Arctic countries which he has depicted.' M. Norman-Hansen is the librettist.

The scene is laid in Greenland, and in the Danish production at least the greatest care was taken to have the Eskimo costumes and properties, as well as the scenery, perfectly true to life. *Kaddara* was written nearly seven years ago, but the first Danish production had to be delayed seven years on account of war retrenchments at the Royal Theatre. Only now is it beginning to reach European audiences outside the country of its origin.

✻

A NEW SUNDAY-PLAY SOCIETY

THE 'Three Hundred Club,' which has just been organized in London to produce 'plays of distinct merit but likely to appeal in the first instance to a small public,' adds a third to the organizations giving special Sunday productions in London. The Stage Society, which offers first aid to the struggling playwright, has launched a number of young dramatists, the most promising of whom is undoubtedly Mr. C. K. Munro, whose comedy, *At Mrs. Beams'*, made its way from the artificially supported stage to the public theatres with much success. The Phœnix Society is concerned not with encouraging new dramatists but with reviving the old plays which amused the Londoners of Queen Elizabeth's day and of the Restoration.

The Three Hundred Club plans to give three performances a year. Membership will be by subscription only.

The first play will be *The Discovery*, by Frances Sheridan and Aldous Huxley, which will be given on the fourth of May under the direction of Nigel Playfair. Early in June this will be followed by *Guilty Souls*, from the pen of the young poet Robert Nichols, produced by Reginald Denham. After a summer's rest, the society will resume its work in October with *A Comedy of Good and Evil* by Richard Hughes. The Three Hundred Club owes its name, not to an effort to imitate a less exclusive number once famous in New York, but to the purely accidental circumstance that the Theatre of the Royal Academy seats only that number. The annual subscription is two guineas.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Judgment Eve, by H. C. Harwood. London: Constable, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[Hamish Miles in the *Outlook*]

From its first story, 'Ernest,' to the last, which gives the volume its title, there can be no mistaking the impress of a really individual and significant mind. None of the stories, it would seem, has made that previous appearance in periodicals which so often dulls the edge of such a collection to the experienced reader. Those formalized words of gratitude to this editor or that, mumbled behind so many title-pages, can sometimes guide the skillful reader's mind into what he may expect from the pages within. No harm in that? Perhaps not. But here, at any rate, the impact falls direct, and the effect of this new and distinctive voice in English fiction is certainly made all the more impressive.

And yet, if even a dozen periodicals were duly acknowledged and thanked, it would be very hard to apportion these stories accordingly; to guess, let us say, that it was 'Ernest' which took the fancy of Mr. X, or 'The Legend of the Green Lady' that of Mr. Y, or that Mr. Z had commissioned 'Judgment Eve' for his trusting readers. To none could the label of any group or school be fairly and fully assigned. They are simply 'H. C. Harwood.' Affinities, and of distinguished stock, yes: but direct influences, none. Mr. Harwood's stories stand out in the memory as will the busts and figures of a true sculptor, various in subject and appeal, but unified as the free expression of a single and unmistakable intelligence, sensitive, acute, and coherent, of a spirit impatient not of fools but of shams, admiring not merely the outward play in life of word and gesture, light and color, but far more the stuff and substance of impulses deep-hidden beneath, of human character and the human soul.

Parentalia, by J. D. C. Pellow. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1924. 5*s.*

[*New Statesman*]

Five years ago Mr. Marsh's discriminating eye lighted upon a poem in one of the London weeklies, and though, as he has told us, he could not trace its author, the poem so pleased him that he felt compelled to include it in the fourth of his 'Georgian Poetry' series. That poem was 'The Temple,' by Mr. J. D. C. Pellow. Since that day its author has shyly and all too occasionally appeared before the public with verses of a deliberate and almost classical beauty. These he has now collected and published in *Parentalia*, a volume which will not disappoint the expectations aroused by his first poem.

To say that his verse is cast in the classical mould is to say that Mr. Pellow stands a little apart, considered as a craftsman, from his contemporaries. The polish of his lines is no veneer glossing over a doubtful content; indeed, almost everything that is included here is the expression of a sincere spiritual experience. And in that he stands somewhat apart, too. He is not afraid to attempt large themes; and throughout his work there runs a thread of philosophy that may perhaps be seen most conveniently in the following lines: —

Yet, think of this: though all things have an end,
Within the flux they all so merge and blend
That none may set a limit and say, lo,
This side the dead, on that the living go;
For life and death, the living and the dead,
Are strands, twi-colored, of one double thread.
Life is the sunward hemisphere, a line
Invisibly, immeasurably fine
That perilously hangs between the vast
Unborn to-come and no-more-living past.
Now I begin to read my riddle plain:
Life is the bread and death the planted grain;
The buried seed reviveth in the bread,
And we that break it feed upon the dead.

[A poem from this book appears upon A Page of Verse.]

Friends in Solitude, by Percy Withers. London: Jonathan Cape, 1924. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Beacon*]

Both author and publisher are to be congratulated on the production of this delightful volume. The former has drawn upon his many memories of years spent among the folk of the Lake District to limn for us a picture of them in their joys and in their sorrows which opens a window into a fair country. Peter Dalethwaite, the old woodman, — a fine specimen of the Cumberland stock, — is limned with affectionate care; Job Hardknotts, the carter and preacher, and his wife, Martha, and others of whom we hear less, are all drawn with intimate understanding. Mr. Withers's characters are all wonderfully true to life. But to mention these things only would indicate but a small part of the charm of the book. For the interest of the theme is made double by the method of the telling. The writing is the work of a craftsman in words, who has had joy in his labor. Mr. Cape, by a combination

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of type, paper, and binding, has presented the book in a worthy and suitable setting.

El destino de un continente, by Manuel Ugarte. Madrid: Editorial Mundo Latino, 1924.

[*España*]

DON MANUEL UGARTE has just published a new book — *El destino de un continente* — summarizing his labor as a Spanish-American propagandist for the past twenty-five years. We talk about Spanish-Americanism without knowing precisely what we mean. Don Manuel Ugarte defines his terms clearly, but he is more than a simple lexicographer. He reaches mature conclusions that support his earlier intuitions. He can claim to be the pioneer opponent of the Monroe Doctrine. He repudiates 'America for the Americans,' which simply means 'America for the North Americans.' When Spain's transatlantic colonies won their independence, their political and economic progress was so unequal that they failed to conceive the idea of continental unity. That may be a very remote achievement even to-day. Perhaps a political federation of Spanish America is forever impossible.

Let us observe in passing that Señor Ugarte always says 'Latin America,' but we shall not take up this point here except to emphasize that the expression belittles the imprescriptible rights of Spain.

But while a political federation of Spanish America may seem utopian, the importance of uniting Central and South America against the aggression of the United States is very actual. The Mexican people are zealous supporters of this policy, which instinctively appeals to them. Ugarte's sympathies go out strongly to that nation, which he considers a model for her southern sisters.

'Ever since the Latin-American republics won their independence, their first task has been to ensure their own free evolution in face of the miraculous growth of the liberated English colonies. This problem is more exigent than ever to-day. If the Great Powers of Europe tremble for their existence in the scramble for survival after the recent cataclysm in that continent, with what mind must our republics scan the future? Their security hitherto has been due only in appearance to abstract respect of justice; their real safeguard has been the material distrust and the rivalries of the great imperialist powers. . . .

'The destiny of Latin America depends ultimately on the Latin Americans themselves. I close with a question addressed especially to our young men: will the Latin Americans, supported by their own patriotism, by the self-interest of Europe, and by the common spirit of Latinity, measure up to this task?'

We have quoted the beginning and the end of Señor Ugarte's book. It summarizes the Spanish-American problem as illustrated by his personal observation of the political and social vicissitudes of the different republics he has visited, and appeals for the higher unity toward which we should strive in harmony with our continuous historical tradition, and in response to the law of progress by which civilization moves from the East to the West; but without prejudice to our peculiar Spanish culture, which is now threatened by the new barbarian of the North.

NEW TRANSLATIONS

APULEIUS. *The XI Bookes of the Golden Asse.* Translated from Latin into English by William Adlington. London: The Golden Cockerel Press, 1924. 36*s.*

HOMER. *Thirty-Two Passages from the Odyssey,* in English rhymed verse, by D. O. Locock. London: Allen & Unwin, 1924. 3*s.* 6*d.*

KRASINSKI, Z. *The Un-Divine Comedy.* Translated from the Polish by H. F. Kennedy. Preface by G. K. Chesterton. London: G. G. Harrap and Co., 1924. 6*s.*

MANZONI, ALESSANDRO. *The Betrothed.* Translated from the Italian by D. J. Connor. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1924. Probable price, $3.50.

NIZAMI. *Haft Paikar, or the Life of King Bahram Gur, and the Seven Stories Told by His Seven Wives.* Translated from the Persian by C. E. Wilson. Two vols. London: Probstain, 1924.

STERN, WILLIAM. *Psychology of Early Childhood.* Translated from the German by Anna Barwell. New York: Holt, 1924. $3.00.

UNAMUNO, MIGUEL DE. *L'Essence de l'Espagne.* Translated from the Spanish by Marcel Bataillon. (*Collection d'auteurs étrangères publiée sous la direction de Charles du Bos.*) Paris: Plon, 1924.

The Lost Flute and Other Chinese Lyrics. Translated from the Chinese by Gertrude Laughlin Joerissen. New York: Brentano's, 1924. $2.50.

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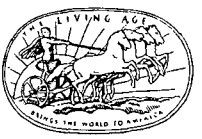

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